

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFORT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE. COVENT GARDEN.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Notice.

On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 7, Meyerbeer's Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Raoul, Signor Campanini; Conte di San Bris, Signor Agnesi; Conte di Nevers, Signor Mendioroz; De Cosse, Signor Marchetti; Bois Rose, Signor Sinigaglia; Tannues, Signor Rinaldini; De Retz, Signor Zololi; Meru, Signor Casaboni; Il Coprituccio, Signor Campobello; Thore, Signor Pro; Marcello, Signor Medini; Margherite di Valois, Mlle. Irma di Mursia; Urbano, Madame, Trebelli-Bettini; Dama d'Onore, Mlle. Bauermeister; and Valentina, Mlle. Tietjens.

Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Incidental Divertissement by Mlle. Blanche Ricols and the Corps de Ballet.

Next Week.—Extra Night.

Monday next, June 9. "LA FAVORITA." Fernando, Signor Aramburo; Alfonso XI., Signor Rota; Baldassare, Signor Medini; Gasparo, Signor Rinaldini; Inez, Mlle. Bauermeister; and Leonora, Mlle. Tietjens.

On Tuesday next, June 10, will be produced, Thomas's "MIGNON." Guillermo, M. Capoul; Frederico, Mlle. Trebelli-Bettini; Lotario, Signor Castelmari; Laerte, Signor Rinaldini; Antonio, Signor Casaboni; Glarno, Signor Pro; Filina, Mlle. Carlotta Grossi; and Mignon, Mlle. Christine Nilsson. The Incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mlle. Blanche Ricols and the Corps de Ballet.

Doors open at 8.0; commence at 8.30. Dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; gallery, 2s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day, SATURDAY, June 7.—**FOURTH GRAND SUMMER CONCERT** and **AFTERNOON PROMENADE**, at Three. Programme will include Scherzo and Notturo, "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn); Overtures, Oberon (Weber), "Siege de Corinthe" (Rossini); Mlle. Alwina Valleria, Mlle. Marie Roze, Mlle. Justine Macvitz; Signor Fancelli, Signor Rota, Signor Borella, Signor Campobello, and Signor Aramburo. Full orchestra. Conductor, Mr. Manns.—Admission Five Shillings; or by ticket purchased before the day Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket. Numbered reserved stall Half-a-Crown.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The **COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL**, Tuesday, June 10.—On this occasion the Palace will be opened at 12 noon. **GRAND SPECIAL CONCERT** at 4 p.m. when Signor Arditi's "ODE IN MEMORY OF THE LATE PRINCE CONCERT," written by Mr. Willert Beale (Walter Maynard) and composed expressly for this day, will be performed for the first time. Solos by Mlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. The Handel Festival Chorus (2,500 strong) and the Crystal Palace Choir. Conducted by the composer, Signor Arditi. Followed by a Miscellaneous Selection. Conductor, Mr. Manns. The band greatly enlarged.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

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Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK.

His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK.

and

His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal—Sir STERNDAL BENNETT, Mus. D., D.C.L.

The next **PUBLIC REHEARSAL**, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on TUESDAY Morning Next, the 10th inst., commencing at half-past Two o'clock.

By Order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 7, will be performed Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Mlle. Albani.

On MONDAY next, June 9, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mlle. Simeroschi; Faust, Signor Pavan.

On TUESDAY, "OTELLO." Desdemona, Madame Adelina Patti.

On THURSDAY, "DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Madame Adelina Patti.

On FRIDAY (first time this season), Meyerbeer's Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Valentina, Mlle. D'Angeri (her first appearance in that character in England).

On SATURDAY, "HAMLET." Ophelia, Mlle. Albani; the Queen, Madame Sinico; and Hamlet, M. Faure.

"LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE"—the part of Catarina by Madame Adelina Patti—is in Rehearsal, and will shortly be produced.

LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL, ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Director—Mr. HENRY LESLIE.

Under the immediate patronage of

His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.

His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH, K.G.

His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE.

Her Royal Highness the Princess MARY ADELAIDE, Duchess of TECK.

His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK, G.C.B., and

The Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR.

THREE GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCES, SATURDAY, June 14: WEDNESDAY, June 13; and SATURDAY, June 21. Commencing at half-past Two o'clock.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON.—The only occasions on which Madame Christine Nilsson will sing in Sacred Music during the season, are in Handel's "Messiah," on SATURDAY, June 14, and in the Sacred Selection on SATURDAY, June 21.

LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL, June 14.—

SATURDAY Morning, June 14, the "Messiah." Soloists—Christine Nilsson, Trebelli-Bettini, Sims Reeves, and Agnesi.

LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL, June 18.—

WEDNESDAY Morning, June 18, Secular and Operatic Music. Soloists—Adelina Patti, Sinico, Scalchi, and Albani; Sims Reeves, Edardi, and Bettini; Graziani and Faure.

LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL, June 21.—

SATURDAY Morning, June 21. The first part of the programme will consist of Kossini's "Stabat Mater." Soloists—Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, Campanini, and Agnesi. The second part will include a selection of Sacred Music, in which the above-named distinguished artists will be joined by Christine Nilsson and other artists of Her Majesty's Opera.

LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL, ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

HALL, June 14, June 18, June 21. Tickets, £1 1s., 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., 2s. 6d., at the Royal Albert Hall; Ticket Office of the London Musical Festival; at St. James's Hall; and at all Libraries, Agents, and Publishers.

MR. JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the

Queen) has the honour to announce that his **GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at 24, BELGRAVE SQUARE (by kind permission of the Marquis of Downshire), on MONDAY, June 30, at Three o'clock. Further particulars will be duly announced.—53, Welbeck Street, W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT'S FIRST CONCERT,

at St. George's Hall, under distinguished patronage, on TUESDAY Evening, June 17, assisted by Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Lester, Mlle. Enriquez; Messrs. H. Guy and Pyatt. Flute—Mr. Collard. Pianoforte—Miss L. Albrecht. Conductors—Messrs. Ganz and Ignace Gibson. Boxes, Two and One and a-half Guinea; reserved stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets to be had at St. George's Hall; and of Miss L. Albrecht, 5, Gower Street, Bedford Square.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT, HANOVER
SQUARE ROOMS, on THURSDAY Evening, June 12. Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss Mary Davis (first appearance), and Madame Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Pianoforte.—Mr. Brinley Richards. Accompanist.—Mr. Edwin Bending. The St. Thomas's Choir. Conductor.—Signor Randegger. Selections will be sung from Brinley Richards' New Books, "The Songs of Wales," and "The Welsh Choir." A new Chorus, "Let the hills resound" (Brinley Richards), first time, words by L. du Terraux. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at the Rooms, and Music-sellers, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 6, St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERT, HANOVER
SQUARE ROOMS, THURSDAY Evening, June 12. Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss Mary Davies, and Mme. Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The St. Thomas's Choir (200 voices). Pianoforte.—Mr. Brinley Richards. Accompanist.—Mr. Edwin Bending. Conductor.—Signor Randegger. Tickets, 10s., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at the Rooms and Music-sellers, and Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co., No. 84, New Bond Street.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' new Chorus, "LET
THE HILLS RESOUND," will be sung by the St. Thomas's Choir—conductor, Signor Randegger—at his Evening Concert, June 12. Tickets at Messrs. R. Cocks & Co.'s, New Burlington Street.

MONS. PAQUE has the honour to announce that his **MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place on MONDAY, June 16, at 24, BELGRAVE SQUARE, by kind permission of the Marquis of Downshire. Tickets to be had only at Mons. Paque's, 120, Great Portland Street, Portland Place.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. G. W. CUSINS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—SIXTH CONCERT. MONDAY, June 9, at Eight o'clock. Miss Edith Wynne and Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, Liszt's Poeme Symphonique "Tasso," Beethoven's Concerto for violin. Violin, Herr Auer, &c. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 7s., 5s., and 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual agents; and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Notice.—
The PUBLIC REHEARSAL, on SATURDAY Afternoon, of Wagner's Opera, "LOHENGGRIN," will commence at Three o'clock, instead of 2.30. Programmes of the Opera are now ready. Books of the words can be had on Saturday afternoon. All Three Acts of the Opera will be given, but the performance will not last more than two hours and a half. N.B.—In consequence of the demand for tickets to hear Wagner's Opera for the first time in England, no complimentary admissions can be issued.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—J. F. BARNETT's new Oratorio, "THE RAISING OF LAZARUS." The first performance of this new work will take place, under the direction of the Composer, at the FOURTH CONCERT, WEDNESDAY Evening, June 18. Public Rehearsal, Saturday Afternoon, June 14th. Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Santley. Orchestra and Chorus, 350 performers. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; area, 2s.; at St. James's Hall and the Music-sellers.

MR. GANZ has the honour to announce that his **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at St. James's Hall, on FRIDAY, June 27. Full particulars will be duly announced.—15, Queen Anne Street, W.

MISS PURDY will sing at St. Clements, Notting Hill, on 9th inst.; at Mons. Paque's Matinee, Belgrave Square, 16th inst.; and Signor Monari Rocca's Matinee, Friday, the 20th June. Address, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

SIGNOR NICOLINI will sing Ascher's popular Romance, "ALICE WHERE ART THOU?" at Herr Kuhn's Concert, on Monday, at the Floral Hall.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. WILFRED MORGAN will sing his popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Exeter Hall, June 23.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. WILFRED MORGAN will sing his popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the Store Street Rooms, on June 30.

MISS AMY STEWART will play E. Sauerbrey's Paraphrase de Concert, "LORELEY," at her Evening Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, on the 28th inst.

MADAME SAUERBREY will sing H. Eisoldt's Spinning Song, "THE SNAPPED THREAD," at Miss Amy Stewart's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, on the 28th inst.

"KILLARNEY."

MISS BLANCHE REIVES will sing Balfe's popular Song, "KILLARNEY," at Bermondsey, June 10, and Richmond, June 12.

REMOVAL.

MISS ENRIQUEZ begs to announce her change of residence, to 26, Mornington Crescent, N.W.

MASON AND HAMLIN'S AMERICAN ORGANS.

These Instruments are now acknowledged to be the best for use in Church, Chapel, School-room, or Drawing-room. See Testimonials from Sir Julius Benedict, and other eminent Musicians.

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MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL
ACADEMY.—The THIRD TERM commences on MONDAY, October 20. Madame Sainton-Dolby receives Candidates for admission at her residence, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, every Tuesday Afternoon, from Three to Four o'clock, until the middle of July, when she leaves town until the Academy re-opens. Prospectuses, containing all particulars, can be obtained of Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, and Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

SIGNOR MORIAMI (Baritone), late of Her Majesty's Opera, will arrive in London, June 16, after his successful engagement with the **LUCCA ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY**, in the United States of America. Communications respecting Engagements, to be addressed to care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE HILLS OF LIGHT. New Sacred Song. Words by the Rev. G. DUDLEY JACKSON. Music by F. ABT, composer of the admired songs, "A Rose in Heaven," "On! ye Tears," "Kathleen Aroon," "The Cuckoo," "When the swallows hasten home," &c. 3s. All sheet music half price, post free, in stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS & CO., New Burlington Street.

"CARNEVAL DI VENEZIA."

Sung by Mdlle. ILMA DI MURSKA, with distinguished success at the Royal Albert Hall,

Arranged by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"H A M L E T."

"There thou sleepest,
Where the flood is deepest."
(Bianca e bionda),

OPELIA'S SONG.

Sung by Madame Christine Nilsson and Mdlle. Albani, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The English words by JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

Price 1s. 6d.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"H A M L E T,"

THE DRINKING SONG.

Sung in the Opera of "Hamlet" by Mr. Santley and Mons. Faure, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The English words by JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"H A M L E T."

By AMBROISE THOMAS.

As sung at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The Opera, complete, for Voice and Piano, with Italian or French words price 20s.
The Opera, complete, for Piano Solo price 12s.

All the vocal music (with Italian or French words) can be had separately, as well as arrangements for the Piano, by KETTERER, and other popular composers. (Editions of Heugel & Co., Paris.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published this day,

"O U R D A R L I N G,"

SONG,

(in C and in E flat).

The Words by ETTY LOVELL.

The Music by J. HALLETT SHEPPARD.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.**

"ANOTHER WORLD."*

(From "Macmillan's Magazine.")

"Hermes," the "editor" of the remarkable book which bears the above title, is certainly an extraordinary person; so extraordinary, indeed, that those who agree to believe that he has actual knowledge of the goings-on in a planet which is not ours, and which appears to be Mars, may consistently carry their faith a degree further, and believe likewise that he calls himself by his real name, and is in some way an Avatar of Hermes Trismegistus.

Varying opinions have been expressed as to the purpose of the book, though there is no disagreement as to the fact that from beginning to end it is amusing and suggestive. Some look upon this "Other World" as one of the numerous Utopias which imaginative philanthropists have devised as models to which less perfect communities should at least endeavour to approximate; others have arrived at the conclusion that a satire on the defects of our present civilization is intended, and that the "editor" is less an aspiring Plato than a polite Swift. If, as Voltaire said, Swift was Rabelais in his senses, assuredly "Hermes" is Swift in his most mannerly condition.

To neither of these opinions do we give assent. If it had been the design of "Hermes" to embody his ideal of a perfect commonwealth, he would naturally have given us a more distinct account of the political institutions of Montalluyah, the city to which his fragmentary communications refer, and which comprises the most habitable portion of the planet. But with such institutions we are made less acquainted than with any other particular connected with this veritable Newfoundland. We learn, indeed, that Montalluyah is governed by one Supreme Ruler, who bears the singular title "Tootmanyoso," and is assisted by twelve inferior kings; but with respect to the functions of these inferior potentates—whether they are executive, legislative, or administrative, or are mere privy councillors with a royal handle to their names—we are left in utter ignorance. Neither do we find the slightest hints of any representative institution, oligarchic or democratic, that in the least resembles our notions of a senate or parliament. We are taught that a great and beneficent revolution was effected by what is commonly called a "virtuous despot;" but we are wholly in the dark as to the character of the political superstructure which he raised on the site left open by the extirpation of old abuses.

On the other hand, the opinion that a fanciful satire is intended, rather than the presentation of an Utopia, is more plausible; for if "Hermes" scarcely grazes upon politics, he is profuse in his description of those details of manners and customs which are ordinarily the mark of the social satirist. If we have not heard how the favoured race are governed, we at any rate know to a nicety how they are brought up, how they are physicked, how they go courting, how they are married, how they are treated when they come into the world, how pleasantly they slide out of it, how they play music, how they pay compliments, and how they cook. Few cockneys are more familiar with life in London than any one who has mastered the communications of "Hermes" is familiar with life in Montalluyah.

Now the general impression made by the minute description of the state of society in the star-city is that it is far better, and indicates a far higher civilization than any to be found on the surface of our own globe. Vice has altogether gone out of fashion, to make room, not for an ascetic bliss, but for the power of sinlessly and elegantly indulging in luxuries, which an Assyrian voluptuary might have contemplated with envy. As an enthusiastic description of a superior condition of things necessarily implies a censure of that which is inferior, it must naturally have somewhat of a satirical appearance when addressed to persons living under less advantageous circumstances. Sterne's proposition, that "they manage things better in France," converts itself without a thought into "they manage things worse in England," and the superior goodness of the planet Mars implies the comparative badness of Mother Earth. So far as this is satire, "Hermes" may be deemed a satirist.

But as to his being an intentional satirist, we believe nothing of the kind. A glow of good humour is diffused over the entire book, which justifies the supposition that "Hermes" is far too much delighted with the enjoyments he is describing to find room on his lip for a sneer at terrestrial defects and miseries. Let us rather imagine that he is a poetical utilitarian, who tries to picture the state of things that will arrive when not only the greatest but the most luxurious happiness is diffused amongst the greatest number. Of a state of primitive simplicity, of an Arcadia peopled with smart shepherds and shepherdesses, he has no notion. If we would be as good and as contented as the citizens of Montalluyah, we must become more, not less, Epicurean than we are at present—improve our music, our pictures, our means of locomotion, and our dinner.

For instance, we of this generation are very proud of our electricity; and when an enthusiastic optimist wishes to illustrate the superiority of the present to the past, the first thing to which he refers is probably the electric telegraph. But in our use of this agent we are mere babies compared with the Tootmanyoso and his subjects. Their advance commenced—so Hermes tells us—with the discovery that electricities are so many and so various, that although they may all be classed under one category, rubricated in the Martial language with a term denoting a "spark of Heaven-power," every kind of body, both animate or inanimate, contains an electricity of its own. So diverse are the natures of these electricities that some are diffused, others concentrated; some sympathetic, some antipathetic, some gently mingling with others; some, when brought into contact with others, causing violent explosions.

Having discovered the existence of these various electricities, the sages of Montalluyah next found out how to extract them from all sorts of organic and inorganic substances. As fish are enumerated, "Hermes" warns us not to be too proud of our own torpedo. "In naming fish," he says, "I refer to several species, and not merely to those already known to you as electrical, and which have the power of emitting strong currents of their own peculiar electricity. A huge fish, well known on your earth, supplies us with the most powerful of all electricities, an electricity of immense value." So it appears we are starving in the midst of undetected plenty. Philanthropist as he is, why does not "Hermes" name the precious fish, instead of tantalizing us with a conundrum? If we knew where to find it, doubtless we should do as they do in Montalluyah. Three large docks are built, into which the "sea-monster" is driven, to be subjected to the process by which he is made to yield up the electricity contained in his huge frame. The different kinds of electricity, when extracted, are stored ready for use in a large building, where, to prevent mischief, they are secured in non-conducting pouches, and placed in separate compartments.

To enumerate the uses to which the very plural electricities are put would require more space than we can afford to devote to the contemplation of the star-city. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is a current of electricity through the entire book. One exploit, performed partly by means of this powerful agent, exceptionally deserves mention, especially as the account of it involves a description of the physical configuration of Montalluyah. A huge mountain mass, it seems, projects from the elevated continent of Montalluyah for miles above the sea, the relic of a vast convulsion of nature, which, sweeping away its former basis, left it unsupported, save by its adhesion to the main continent of which it forms a part. From the point of junction it extends horizontally far beyond the sea coast, over cities built on the ridges and plains beneath; and it is of such a high elevation that when seen from below it is not easily distinguishable from the clouds above. Another city is built on the suspended mountain itself.

Even to the dull eye of an inhabitant of our earth, the position of the citizens either upon or below a horizontal mass of rock so slightly supported would have seemed undesirable. The possibility of a crash, involving the destruction of those who fell and those upon whom the fall took place, seems so obvious to the meanest understanding, that one marvels why the good folks of Montalluyah chose to build in such dangerous regions. We must assume that they were not very bright before the days of the reforming Tootmanyoso. Even an occasional fall of portions of the under part of the suspended mass, destroying half a dozen cities or so, with all their inhabitants, was not sufficient to awaken the occupants of more fortunate sites to a sense of their peril. But to the keen eye of the Tootmanyoso it was manifest that a vertical prop was required at or towards the end of the suspended mass, opposite to the point of junction with the continent. A figure which looked like a capital F, or a gibbet, had to be converted into a semblance of the Greek II, or an integral portion of Stonehenge, or who knows what mischief might have ensued?

By the direction of the Tootmanyoso the perils menaced by the suspended mountain were arrested by the erection of a "mountain-supporter," whose base at the foundation is more than a mile in diameter, and whose round walls are more than a hundred feet in thickness. The diameter of the tower-head is one-third of the diameter of the base, and the diminution is so gradual as to be scarcely perceived. The material out of which the blocks of which the building is constructed are made is composed of an amalgamation of iron and marble fused into a compact mass.

This vast work was not to be accomplished without the aid of electricity, since no merely mechanical power would have sufficed to raise the stupendous blocks to the required level. The discovery had happily been made that what we call gravity is merely "tenacious electricity," and that this may become so much diminished that the heaviest body will become comparatively light. Where can be found a more simple and beautiful application of science to the wants of practical life?

* "Another World; or, Fragments from the Star City of Montalluyah," By Hermes. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1873.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From the "Birmingham Daily Post.")

The general outline of the great musical event of the year, which, though local in celebration and objects, is yet, in some sense, of national interest, was definitely agreed upon at the meeting of the Birmingham Festival Committee on Saturday. Its principal features have been foreshadowed, if not positively specified, for some months past; but now that the gaps are filled up, and we are enabled to view the scheme as a whole, we are in a better position to estimate the value and significance of its component parts. The Festival will open on Tuesday the 26th of August, with the customary performance of *Elijah*, which has occupied that position with, we believe, one ill-advised exception, in 1864, at every Festival since its original production here, under the composer's direction in 1846. At the evening concert, on Tuesday, the special feature will be a new cantata, entitled, *Fridolin*, by Signor Randegger. Wednesday morning will be signalised by the production of a new oratorio, *The Light of the World*, by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and the evening concert, among other items of interest, will include a short composition by Rossini, new to the English public, and a Beethoven symphony. On Thursday morning the *Messiah* holds its time-honoured place—the miscellaneous attractions of the evening concert being strengthened by a new cantata, by Signor Schira, entitled *The Lord of Burleigh*, and a new chorus by Rossini. Friday morning, according to established precedent, is given up to a composite performance of sacred works, comprising Spohr's cantata, *God, Thou art great*, Haydn's Third, or *Imperial Mass*, new posthumous choral works by Rossini, and a double chorus from *Israel in Egypt*. The evening concert will also, according to approved precedent, be devoted to oratorio, the work selected being *Judas Maccabeus*. On the whole we think the scheme must be acknowledged a good and attractive, if not a positively brilliant, one. Considering the limited opportunities for new experiment allowed by the exigencies of the case, and especially the allocation of two out of the four mornings to those indispensable classics, *Elijah* and the *Messiah*, it cannot be said that there is any lack of novelty in the scheme. Besides the three works specially commissioned for the Festival, there will be no less than four minor compositions by Rossini, three sacred and one secular, which have not yet been heard by the English public. Two of these, we believe, have been performed on the Continent, but the other two, from among the composer's posthumous works, are private property, and will be publicly produced for the first time at a Festival in August next. As regards the commissioned works, the most important, of course, will be the oratorio by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, of which great things are foreshadowed by the Orchestral Committee. Though written specially for the forthcoming festival, it has, we believe, been a long time under careful and anxious consideration, and may be regarded as embodying the matured fruits of the genius of one of the most refined, scholarly, and original of our native composers. About two-thirds of the work are already in the hands of the chorus, and the remainder is expected in the course of the next few weeks. Signor Randegger's cantata, *Fridolin*, founded on the well-known poem of Schiller, was originally intended for last Festival; but, finding himself unable to complete it in time, the composer laid the work aside, and has since, we believe, entirely remodelled it. Signor Randegger is well known as a fanciful and fluent musician, and the subject he has selected can hardly fail to inspire him. Signor Schira, whose compositions are perhaps better known in Italy than in England, is, nevertheless, well esteemed in this country as a graceful and musicianly writer, and his cantata, founded on Tennyson's *Lord of Burleigh*, has already won golden opinions among the chorus engaged in its rehearsal. The inclusion in Friday's programme of a work by Spohr is an innovation which will be warmly appreciated by the more cultivated class of music lovers, who have long been remonstrating against the virtual veto placed by the Festival authorities on the works of the great violinist, author, and composer, to whom we owe, among other works, that wonderful oratorio, *Die letzten Dinge*. The cantata selected for the ensuing Birmingham Festival, and originally proposed for last Festival, is of a less ambitious, but not less beautiful order, and is, moreover, free from the religious objec-

tions which apply, in this country, to the musical representation of so dread a solemnity as the *Last Judgment*. The only other novel feature of the scheme calling for notice at present is the introduction of an orchestral symphony at one of the evening concerts. This is an experiment which has been long and warmly urged by the more musical section of the public, but resisted hitherto by the Festival managers, on the ground chiefly that it was tried in former years, and had to be abandoned in deference to the opposition of the non-musical majority of the Festival audiences. It is to be hoped, however, that the spread of musical education has by this time altered the balance of parties, and that the admirers of symphony will be sufficiently numerous at next Festival to vindicate the judgment of the committee in sanctioning the change. It would certainly be a pity if a magnificent band like that of Sir Michael Costa were allowed to disperse without affording the local public an example of orchestral music in its highest and most perfect development. The gap has been in some measure filled of late years by the pianoforte concerto performances, in which Madame Arabella Goddard has been associated with the band; but at the best a pianoforte concerto is not a symphony; and now that Madame Goddard's tour in the Antipodes deprives us for a time of her presence, we think the committee have done wisely in trying a "change of diet." With reference to the absence of M. Gounod from the competition of composers, it will be seen from Mr. Peyton's explanation on Saturday that it has arisen from temporary circumstances over which the committee had practically no control, and that is, at the worst, a pleasure not abandoned but postponed. From M. Gounod we have a right to expect a masterpiece, and if the time and conditions did not admit of the production of a work of importance, we think that it was better on both sides that the commission should be deferred. Touching the artists, it would as yet be premature to speak, seeing that the whole of the engagements are not yet concluded; but the public will no doubt be satisfied to hear that all the principal vocalists essential to the performance of oratorio music have been secured, and that the only remaining engagements affect what we may term the luxuries or dainties of vocal art, represented by leading operatic stars, who are required to shed lustre on the evening concerts. Bearing in mind the difficulties with which the Orchestral Committee have to contend, between the necessity on the one side, of keeping up the pecuniary productions of the Festival, and the duty, on the other, of sustaining the musical prestige—difficulties not a little enhanced by the progress of modern competition and the increased facilities for attending the colossal musical combinations of Sydenham—the arrangements for the Birmingham Festival, of 1873, as far as at present revealed, seem to be all that could be reasonably required, if not all that could be ideally conceived, and it only remains to hope that the details will correspond to the general plan.

DUSSELDORF.—A grand performance of Herr Max Bruch's *Odyssæus* was given, a short time since, in the Town Music Hall, which holds more than 2,000 persons. Every place was full, and several hundred individuals were unable to obtain admission. The vocalists numbered from five to six hundred, the instrumentalists being proportionately numerous. The composer himself conducted, and was received, on making his appearance, with a flourish from the orchestra and loud applause from the audience. The performance, as a performance, gave, on the whole, satisfaction, but exception was taken to a great deal of the book and to not a little of the music. Herr Raff, the author of the former, has not been especially happy in his lines, nor very particular respecting the original story. The music, in the opinion of competent critics, wants force and individuality, but, for all that, it contains some grand touches, which may be ranked among the best things Herr Bruch has yet done. M^{me}. Joachim, as Penelope, exerted herself to the utmost, and was loudly applauded throughout. M^{lle}. Lauterbach, also, from the Opera in Cologne, produced a favourable impression, and did full justice to the music entrusted to her. The gentlemen solo-singers were Herr G. Henschel, from Berlin (who was engaged at the very last moment, in place of Herr Hill, hoarse), and Herr Eigenbertz, from Rheydt.

GOTHA.—At the annual anniversary concert of the Liedertafel, Herr F. Grützner, from Dresden, played a Concerto by Molique, a Romance, Op. 102, by Schumann, and a Fantasia of his own composition. He was greatly and deservedly applauded.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW.

(From the "Times.")

Some interesting performances, under the denomination of "Pianoforte Recitals"—a denomination invented, if we remember well, by Liszt, originator and master of what is called "sensational playing"—have been recently given. Foremost among them must be counted the "Recitals" of Dr. Hans Von Bülow, a "sensational" player, if there ever was one. Although this is his first visit to England, the name of Dr. von Bülow has long been familiar to this country. He is not only a son-in-law of the renowned Abbé Liszt, but one of the most enthusiastic disciples of Herr Richard Wagner, and promoter of what appear to many sober thinkers the wildly-ambitious schemes and well-nigh impossible theories of that would-be great reformer, in all that concerns music in its alliance with the drama—operatic music, in fact. Beyond this, putting aside, if we can, which is not over easy, Herr Anton Rubinstein (Carl Tausig being gone from us), certainly Dr. Von Bülow is the most energetic and brilliant surviving representative of the Liszt school. Dr. von Bülow's execution on the pianoforte is prodigious, and equally so his memory. He scarcely ever introduces a piece, no matter by what master, with the printed music before him. Since he has been among us he has played two grand concertos with orchestral accompaniments, by Beethoven (in E flat, No. 5, at the Philharmonic concerts, and in G, No. 4, at the Crystal Palace); the grand concerto by Adolphe Henselt in F minor, at the New Philharmonic, and another by Rubinstein in G, again at the Old Philharmonic—one and all from memory. We own with deference that we feel less entirely satisfied with Herr von Bülow's readings of Beethoven than with his readings of Henselt and Rubinstein. Their concertos are essentially *bravura* pieces, and in *bravura* pieces Herr von Bülow unquestionably shows to the best advantage. In Beethoven we look for more reticence and less self-demonstration. No doubt Herr von Bülow is quite on a poetic and intellectual level with the two more modern composers; but that is by no means the case with regard to Beethoven. Beethoven cannot admit of any kind of liberties being taken with his great works; and how great are the concertos we have mentioned need hardly be said. When Beethoven is the composer, one wants rather to think of Beethoven than of his interpreter; and this Herr von Bülow will not invariably allow. When he is engaged upon Beethoven we are compelled to think of the player rather than of the composer. When we are treated to a concerto by Henselt or Rubinstein, it is really a matter of little consequence, so long as the performer is able to master with ease and fluency the difficulties their works present; and that Herr von Bülow does this—in short, has them at his entire command—few would be prepared to deny. At his "Recitals" Herr von Bülow has played music of all schools and styles; and the names we chiefly miss from his programmes are those of Weber and Mendelssohn. We presume that such men as Dussek, Woelfl, Hummel, Moscheles, Hiller, Heller, Sterndale Bennett, &c., do not come within the category of Herr von Bülow's musical heroes; at the same time, we must confess that we should greatly have preferred an occasional excerpt from one of these to several pieces which have been allowed to figure in his programmes—such, for instance, as *Venezia e Napoli* of Liszt, which, apart from the mechanical difficulties it presents, is little better than a heap of incoherent passages. Then, again, why does not Herr von Bülow take John Sebastian Bach from the pure well of John Sebastian Bach's own genius, instead of giving us "transcriptions," and so forth, of that mighty master?

In the programme of the first Recital were included, besides selections from Schumann and Chopin, two of Beethoven's sonatas—the sonata in E flat, No. 3, and last of the series Op. 31, and the sonata in A flat, Op. 110. In the rendering of both of these there was much of which we found it difficult unconditionally to approve. The contrasts, in our judgment, were too frequent and too abrupt. This was particularly noticeable in the opening *allegro* of the first-named sonata, where now and then the "*sforzandi*" were in anything but good keeping with the nature of a movement which is one of the most quietly humorous ever written. In the sonata, Op. 110, the *finale* is a mixture of recitative, quite in the dramatic style, with fugue of the most

ingenious construction. Herr von Bülow's idea of fugue playing seems to be that the theme is everything, and that the accessories are comparatively of little account. This was remarkable also to some degree in his execution of J. S. Bach's *Fuga Chromatica*, which he played at the Philharmonic Concert. The theme comes out with splendid emphasis from his fingers, but the rest is made more or less subordinate; and this surely could not have been the idea of Bach and Beethoven, otherwise they would hardly have submitted their themes to such varied and elaborate counterpoint. That the leading subject should everywhere, and under every condition of treatment, be heard clearly and distinctly, is unquestionable; but that the other parts which give interest to its development are of almost equal importance is no less a fact. In other respects, Herr von Bülow's reading of Bach's music is very grand, so much so that we should like to hear him play a good many fugues of Bach precisely as Bach wrote them. We do not see what is gained by "transcribing" pedal fugues written expressly for the organ, because no pair of hands can impart the same effect to them as the two hands and two feet for which they were originally intended. The *Fantasia and Fuga Chromatica*, not intended for the organ, is so wonderfully effective as Bach himself composed it, that we can see no valid cause for rendering it more mechanically difficult. Herr von Bülow's performance of Schumann's music is remarkably striking, as was proved, especially at his first "Recital," in the *Carnival a Vienne*. With Chopin we find he makes too many liberties of accent, and, as the phrase is, "*tempo rubato*." Although Chopin's waltzes, tarantellas, and mazurkas are not of the ordinary sort, it is still supposed that they can be danced to. If not, why should names and titles, each individually characteristic, be assigned to them? Chopin, if we may credit Liszt, used to make the Polish ladies dance "vertiginously" to his music; and Herr von Bülow might do the same if he would adhere more strictly to the measure. In all other respects, he plays Chopin's music in first-rate style, some of his contrasts from loud to soft, especially when he employs the minor pedal, being singularly agreeable and effective.

Not to go further into detail, however, at these "Recitals," Herr von Bülow has played five sonatas of Beethoven, including some of the most difficult, viz.—*Les Adieux*, *L'Absence*, *et Le Retour* (Op. 81), the Sonata Op. 110, and the Sonata Op. 111, last, and excepting the B flat, Op. 106 (which all these great "wonder pianists" seem instinctively to avoid), most difficult of them all; three of the great organ pedal fugues of J. S. Bach ("transcribed" by Liszt); besides no end of works of less importance, though still important, in so far as difficulty is concerned, by Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, Brahms, Scarlatti, Rheinberger, Gottschard, Joachim Raff, and Schubert (a waltz from the *Soirées de Vienne*, "illustrated by" Liszt, but which had better have been left to its own engaging self). There was one little bit of Mozart (the well-known "minuet and gigue"); Weber and Mendelssohn, as we have hinted, being left in the cold.

The simple fact of all the pieces we have referred to being played from memory speaks highly for the musical ability of Herr von Bülow, who, if not a Liszt—"Liszt Alexander," as Dr. Ferdinand Hiller dubs him in one of his masterly and instructive essays—a Tausig, or a Rubinstein, is, in his peculiar way, one of the foremost players of his time. His performances, thoroughly appreciated and cordially received, must certainly rank among the chief events of the present musical season. That Herr von Bülow is of the Liszt school, and occasionally treats the pianoforte as though it were his enemy, rather than as though it were his confidential friend, is undeniable, he is nevertheless, in his way, a great and original artist.

BRESLAU.—Herr Schwemer, the present manager of the Stadttheater, cannot be accused of being deficient in energy. Since the 1st October last, he has produced 30 different operas, in a very complete and satisfactory manner. This is no mean feat, when we recollect that, in consequence of the destruction by fire of the old theatre, everything, scenery, dresses, decorations, properties, and appointments, had to be supplied afresh.

WIEN.—The grand concerts of the ensuing season will, according to present arrangements, take place on the following dates: 9th June, 30th June, 7th July, 21st July, and 4th August. There is also to be a grand concert at the time of the races.

CHORAL FESTIVAL AT KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

(From the "Cambridge Express," May 24.)

A choral festival at Cambridge should be a success. Scarcely in another town in England could such a force be found of people engaged in the practice of church music; and when it is remembered that the resources of Cambridge formed only a part of those employed in King's College Chapel on Tuesday week last, it will be seen that an opportunity for the hearing of English Church music was afforded such as does not present itself every day.

The doors of the Chapel were opened by a quarter-past one, and by two o'clock the building was full. As the prelude, Mr. C. V. Stamford, organist at Trinity College, played one of Handel's concertos, and proceeded from this to a chorale of Bach, on which he extemporized, so as to combine it with subjects from the concerto. The service then commenced. The General Confession was intoned after the "Ely Use," and Tallis's setting of the *Preces* was employed. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were sung to Dr. Garrett's fine setting in F, the effect of which was admirable, and must have caused much pleasure to the composer, who conducted throughout, a stand being placed between the choir stalls. The anthem after the Third Collect was Purcell's "O sing unto the Lord," conducted by Dr. Garrett, and accompanied by Mr. Amps, who had acted as organist up to this point. After the service a number of anthems were sung, the first being an extract from Professor Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, namely, the tenor air, "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him," and the following chorus. The tenor solo was beautifully sung by Mr. Cummings, who visited Cambridge for the occasion. The anthem was conducted by its composer, whom it was pleasant to see taking a part in the musical doings of the town. The organ part was played by Dr. Garrett. This was followed by Orlando Gibbons' elaborate and difficult "Hosanna" in five parts, sung without accompaniment. The music of Gibbons, prince of the English school of church music, is specially appropriate in King's College Chapel, where for some time he acted as organist, and succeeded in so enchanting his contemporaries that it was (somewhat audaciously) recorded of him in his epitaph, that he was the "Composer of many hymns which sound his praise no less than that of his Maker." It must, however, be confessed that to some extent this anthem missed its effect. It is perhaps to be doubted whether King's College Chapel, so magnificent a place in some respects for a choral festival, is quite the best spot for hearing music which demands extreme clearness of effect as its first condition of success. After this we had Sir John Goss's Thanksgiving Anthem, composed on the recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, "The Lord is my strength." It was conducted by the composer, and accompanied on the organ by Mr. E. Silver, who performed his honourable task in a way most creditable to so young a musician. The bass solo was sung by Mr. Briggs, of Windsor Chapel Royal, and Mr. De Lacey, of St. Paul's Cathedral choir, together, but with so much precision and distinctness as to impose on the greater part of the congregation who were unaware that more than one voice was singing. Next was sung, unaccompanied, Farrant's well-known anthem, "Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake." It was conducted by Dr. Garrett, and produced an effect quite equal to anything else performed. It was followed by Sir George Elvey's fine anthem, "In that day," conducted by the composer. The tenor solo was sung by Mr. Cummings. It was accompanied (at the special request of Sir George Elvey) by Mr. Amps, who, with a self-renunciation one would wish to see more often exercised, left himself but a small share in the performances of the day.

After this a collection was made in behalf of the Choir Benevolent Fund, in aid of which the Festival was held. During the collection Mr. Stamford played, as a voluntary, Beethoven's *Andante* in F, with that combination of refined conception and masterly execution that we have been accustomed to look for from him at the Trinity Organ Recitals. The amount collected was £115 7s. 11½d. After the collection the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung, accompanied by Mr. Dewberry, and the service then closed with the benediction. As a concluding voluntary, Dr. Bunnett, of Norwich, played the overture to *Samson*, afterwards extemporising and concluding with "God Save the Queen." The choir consisted of more than 30 trebles, 15 altos, 22 tenors, and

22 basses, of which Cambridge contributed all the trebles but two, 10 altos, 18 tenors, and 13 basses. Subscriptions for the Choir Benevolent Fund will be gladly received by Mr. Piper, Local Secretary, Librarian of King's College.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

The classical concerts now being given on Friday afternoons, in St. James's Hall, illustrate the law of growth which affects everything having in it the elements of true vitality. At first they were no more than their name indicates—that is to say, Mr. Hallé, as sole entertainer, played at each a selection of music from the exhaustless repertory of his instrument. The Recitals might have gone on for ever in this fashion without lacking a fit and numerous audience; but they were too full of healthy life not to develop into something larger and more comprehensive. The next stage associated a violin with the pianoforte, thus bringing within reach the abundant store of works composed for the two instruments in common. Here, also, the recitals might have paused; but, this season, they have taken another step forward, and become, in effect, a summer duplicate of Mr. Chappell's justly-renowned "Popular Concerts." The programmes now include not only pianoforte solos, and pianoforte and violin duets, but works wherein Mr. Hallé's instrument is associated with several others—*primus inter pares*. That the efficiency of the enlarged performance is guaranteed by the names of such artists as Madame Norman-Néruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti need not be said, nor is there any necessity for insisting upon the claims of the Recitals in their new form. We cannot, however, permit their significance to run the risk of being overlooked. These Friday afternoon concerts have nothing of the ordinary fashionable morning entertainment about them, and present very few attractions for those who are not earnest amateurs of good music. The programmes are uncompromising to the last degree; the artists rigidly avoid the taint of "sensationalism;" and the audience are called upon for downright hard work if they would profit to the utmost by what is done. This being the case, it says no little for the popularity of high-class music when a lengthy series of such concerts can flourish in the midst of the lighter attractions of a busy and brilliant season. The result is one for hearty congratulation, and, let us add, for grateful remembrance of the services rendered by Mr. Hallé, through a long course of years, in bringing the result about. Mr. Hallé has done an artist's best work for art in this country, unaided by loud-voiced pretensions, which always impose upon the crowd; by personal affectedness, which can hide shortcomings from the purblind; or by any kind or degree of "sensation." He has laboured steadily on, satisfied to put forward classical works, with reverent care for their integrity, and content to enjoy whatever honours belong to the conscientious and able interpreter. It is such as Mr. Hallé who best advance the cause of art; and not those who drive about with the great masters tied to their chariot-wheels, like conquered kings.

A conspicuous feature of the present Recitals, and one of rare educational value, is the number of modern works presented. Mr. Hallé seems bent upon giving the German composers of our day a fair hearing, so that, if their claims be rejected, rejection shall not be a consequence of lacking knowledge. Since the series began, we have had Brahms' pianoforte trio in B flat major (Op. 8), the same author's pianoforte quartet in G minor (Op. 25), his quintet in F minor (Op. 34), and Raff's pianoforte trio in G major (Op. 112). These are admitted to be among the best productions of their school, and it is no small advantage to have such as these shown to perfection by means of perfect execution, and shown side by side with works which hold classic rank. Obviously, however, the main attraction of the Recitals is found in the music by the greater masters, with which every programme abounds. We cannot attempt even to mention the compositions belonging to this class that have already been performed; but a fair idea of each group may be gathered from the programme of Friday next. In that well-arranged scheme are Mendelssohn's pianoforte quartet in F minor, Schumann's trio in G minor, Weber's sonata in E minor for pianoforte alone, Beethoven's sonata in A major for violin and piano; and a *Suite de pièces* in G major, by Bach. Truly a "feast of fat things," of which there should be, as there, doubtless, will be, many partakers. THADDEUS EGG.

EXHIBITION CONCERTS.

(From the "Globe.")

These performances, to which we have already more than once called the attention of our readers as representing music in the "London International Exhibition," are continued daily. The taste and judgment exercised in the selection of the pieces, and the efficiency with which they are executed, are alike undiminished; while the number of auditors, to judge by the appearance of the hall when we were present, if not yet what it should be, is steadily increasing. We know no place or occasion where or when an hour's music, neither more nor less, can be more thoroughly enjoyed. We had a symphony and two overtures—not to speak of two songs—all three, though for different reasons, of great interest, performed by an orchestra thoroughly competent by its number and efficiency for their interpretation. The symphony was the *Historical* (Op. 116) of Spohr. No more striking example than this work presents of the mis-judgment of an artist of his own powers can be found in the whole range of art. As is well said in the "Analytical Programme," Spohr's "own genius was so distinctive and individual in all its modifications, his artistic sympathies were so limited, and his knowledge so circumscribed, as to make him almost ludicrously unfit for such a task" as the composition of a symphony, in which, without being slavishly imitated or literally transcribed, the "manners" of a succession of composers, whose careers extend over more than a century, should be unmistakably and yet gracefully indicated. The egotism of musical composers is proverbial; but Spohr seems literally to have passed his life in self-contemplation. So narrow was the range of his reading, that he is recorded to have astounded a pianist, who played him one of the best known sonatas of Beethoven, by the question, "Had he (the pianist) composed much in that style?" His critical powers are best measured by the fact of his condemnation of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which he tells us in his autobiography, he "did not think much of," or something to the same effect. Nevertheless, if neither "Haydn and Mozart," nor "Beethoven," nor the "modern school" are very happily presented in the *Historical Symphony*, Spohr is; and very well worth presenting he is generally found. The work abounds in fresh and beautiful ideas turned to excellent account. The only really objectionable thing about it is its title. Of the two overtures performed, one was the well-known *Fidelio* (in E, No. 4) of Beethoven, the other the *Andromeda* of Mr. Henry Gadsby, first performed at the Crystal Palace at the beginning of the present year. This work, with which and the story that is said to have inspired it, is not difficult to trace the connection, is one of the most promising—nay, one of the best—of its class which we owe to the rising generation of English composers. The subjects, without being far-fetched or determinedly eccentric, are original, and they are wrought into a composition alike coherent in its plan and interesting in its details. The instrumentation, too, without being overcrowded, is for the most part well-knit, its general compactness being relieved by combination, wherein the fewness of the parts is made up by the contrapuntal skill with which they are adjusted.

The audience, if somewhat small—in reference, at least, to the auditorium—was choice and attentive, including, among many well-known professors and amateurs, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

SALZBURG.—The directors of the Mozart Foundation (Mozart Stiftung) lately requested Madame Adelina Patti to sing at a grand concert to be given for the benefit of the institution. Madame Patti wrote in reply to the President, Baron Carl von Sterneck, saying that "she should feel especial satisfaction in singing for an institution established in memory of the great Mozart," and that she left it to the Committee to select for the concert some one of the large towns in which she had engagements. The Committee think of giving the concert in London.

STOCKHOLM.—Handel's oratorio of *Samson*, performed last year at Upsala, under the direction of M. Josephson, conductor of the University, has just been given here, under the same gentleman, with extraordinary success.

MODENA.—A new opera, *La Statua di Carne*, by Signor Marchio, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Goldoni.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

The appearance in England of a band of real negro minstrels, or, to speak by the card, of minstrels all of whom have African blood in their veins, cannot fail to excite much interest, especially when the circumstances of their visit are taken into account. An authoritative statement of those circumstances is as follows:—

"This band of black vocalists consists of seven young ladies and four young gentlemen, nearly all of them emancipated slaves. They are students connected with Fisk University, one of seven chartered institutions established in the States, recently slave states, by the American Missionary Association. The aim of this university is to give the freed men a higher and Christian education, so that the most gifted among them can be fitted to become teachers and leaders of their race in America, the West India Islands, and Africa. They come to England under the direct auspices of the American Missionary Association, auxiliary to which is the Freedmen's Mission Aid Society of London. They sing the old slave songs, composed by their fathers in the darkest hours of their bondage, whose plaintive melodies and sad repinnings have touched the hearts of thousands. For the past year and a half they have been singing before the Christian public of the Northern States, and have been received wherever they have gone with great favour. These young people are endeavouring to raise money to build a 'Jubilee Hall,' the first permanent building of Fisk University. Eight of the fourteen thousand pounds required have already been secured through their efforts, and they now visit England at the earnest solicitation of many friends, hoping thereby to complete the needed amount."

Every one will wish success to an enterprise so laudable, and will give the representatives of a long oppressed race a hearty welcome to the land of Wilberforce. But our special object in noticing them here is not to discuss the purpose for which the Jubilee Singers have come, so much as to ask attention for the music they sing. That music, let us say at the outset, is but ephemeral, having taken its peculiar characteristics from a state of things now happily ended for ever. The slave songs of the United States, especially those of a religious cast, bear the impress of slavery upon them. In such wild strains as he could invent, the negro found comfort amid the hardships of his position; and it was natural that, living in a world which treated him so badly, he should cling with passionate fondness to a religion that spoke of a place where sorrow cannot enter. "All the religious slave songs," says an American writer, "are valuable, as an expression of the character and life of the race, now playing such a conspicuous part in our history. The wild, sad strains tell, as the sufferers themselves could, of crushed hopes, keen sorrow, and a dull, daily misery, which covered them as hopelessly as the fog from the rice swamps. On the other hand, the words breathe a trusting faith in rest for the future—in 'Canaan's air and happy land, to which their eyes seemed constantly turned.' A glance at the titles of some of the songs gives an idea of the mixture of sadness and hope pervading them. Here are a few:—

"I hear from Heaven to-day;" "The trouble of the world;" "Not weary yet;" "Hunting for a city;" "Heaven bell a-ringing;" "I know when I am going home;" "My body rock 'long fever;" "Join the angel band;" "I want to go home;" "Lord, make me more patient;" "Nobody knows the trouble I've had;" "Hold out to the end;" "Jesus, won't you come by-and-bye?" "What a trying time;" "Almost over;" "I'm going home;" "My Father, how long?" "This is the trouble of the world;" "God got plenty o' room."

If true pathos can be found anywhere it is in these records of a sad and weary time, and the simple titles we have quoted are the best commentary upon the system which, falling, dragged down lives by the hundred thousand, and treasure by the million. Slavery having passed away, the slave songs will soon follow it. The American writer above quoted says:—

"It is already becoming difficult to obtain these songs. The 'spirituals' (religious songs) are going out of use on the plantations superseded by the new style of religious music closely imitated from the white people, which is solemn, dull, and nasal, consisting in repeating two lines of a hymn, and then singing them, and then two more, *ad infinitum*. This style of proceeding they evidently consider the more dignified style of the two, as being a closer imitation of white genteel worship—having in it about as little soul as most stereotyped religious forms of well-instructed congregations."

It is with the last fading music of slavery that the Jubilee Singers have come to this country, and whoever desires to make its acquaintance should take the only chance likely to be afforded. It is not possible to exaggerate the odd mixture of the grotesque and the poetical which distinguishes the religious slave-song. No description can convey any idea of it, and we must perforce rely upon quotation. Here is one ditty:—

"No more rain fall for to wet you,
Hallelu.
No more sun shine for to burn you,
No more parting in de Kingdom,
No more back-biting in de Kingdom,
Every day shall be Sunday."

Here is another:—

"O, Lord, I want some valiant soldier
To help me bear the cross,
For I weep, I weep, I can't hold out;
If any mercy, Lord, O pity poor me."

But quaintest of all is the subjoined:—

"Bendin' knees a achin'; body rack'd wid pain,
I wish I was a child of God,
I'd git home bime-by.
O, yonder's my ole mudder, been a waggin' at de hill so long,
It's about time she cross over,
Git home bime-by.
O, hear dat lumberin' thunder, A-roll from do' to do',
A callin' de people home to God;
Dey'll git home bime-by.
O, see dat forked lightnin', A-jump from cloud to cloud,
A pickin' up God's chil'n;
Dey'll git home bime-by."

After each verse of the foregoing, a chorus is sung:—

"Keep prayin', I do believe
We're a long time wagging o' de crossing;
Keep prayin', I do believe
We'll git home to heaven bime-by."

These examples will suffice to show the curious interest connected with the religious slave song, an interest legitimately arising not merely from the circumstance of slavery, but from the light thrown upon a race whose greatest part in the world's history has yet to be played.

The music attached to the songs resembles the words in its irregularity and defiance of rule; resembles the words also in its quaint charm and novelty of style. Like Topsey, these melodies "grewed," making their way direct from the unsophisticated tunefulness of the poor people. "I asked one of the most intelligent of the blacks," writes another American author, "where they got these songs." "Dey make 'em, sah." "How do they make them?" After a pause, evidently casting about for an explanation, he said:—

"I'll tell you. It's dis way. My master call me up and order me a short peck of corn and a hundred lash. My friends see it, and is sorry for me. When dey come to the praise-meeting dat night dey sing about it. Some's very good singers, and know how; and dey work it in—work it in, you know, till dey get it right, and dat's de way."

What sort of melodies are thus "worked in" can only be shown by the aid of music type, and it must suffice to state here that, while always original and striking, they are often full of deepest feeling. To the musician they present quite a study of new rhythms from which many a useful hint may be derived.

The foregoing remarks are made solely to create an intelligent interest in the music which the Jubilee Singers have brought to us. Writing to England in advance of the Minstrels' coming, Henry Ward Beecher said:—

"You will hear from them the wild slave songs, some of which seem like the inarticulate wails of breaking hearts made dumb by slavery. You will hear the plantation songs—in short, the inner life of slave hearts expressed in music. We are not ashamed to send this band to our British brethren, and we are sure that their music will strike a chord which will vibrate long after their songs shall cease."

Mr. Ward Beecher was quite justified in his confidence as regards the capacity of the singers, nearly all of whom have good voices, while long practice in working together has given their performances a unity and precision leaving nothing to desire. The audience assembled in Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday last week were evidently delighted with what they heard, and sat out to the end a succession of "spirituals," relieved only by very occasional songs and duets. Sometimes the vocalists massed themselves closely together; at other times they sat in the familiar manner of the Christys; and chanted a kind of dialogue between solo and chorus. "O brethren and sisters, how do you do?"—sang one of the young ladies, all responding in unison and in nearly

monotonous cadence, "There's a love-feast in Heaven by-and-bye." "And does your love continue true?" again queried the solo, to which the chorus responded as before; and so on to the end. These are the songs which create the greatest interest, and are best received. But the whole entertainment is unique and curious to the last degree. Other concerts will be given from time to time, and all who take an interest in a strange and transitory phase of rudimentary art among a decidedly musical people should make a point of hearing the Jubilee Singers.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The building which crowns Muswell Hill, the most commanding height on the northern side of London, has been substantially built by Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, from the designs of Messrs. Meeson and Johnson, the architects, and is grandly placed in a park 220 acres in extent. The site, favoured as it is by nature in a very extraordinary degree, has been turned to the best account of skilful landscape gardening by Mr. Alexander M'Kenzie, to whose knowledge and experience the parks of Finsbury and Southwark, the ornamental gardens of the Thames Embankment, and many other public pleasure grounds, owe their chief beauties. Raised to such an altitude that it overlooks twenty miles of uninterrupted landscape to the North and East, and, in clear weather, can sight the towers and glittering walls of the Crystal Palace on the other side of London, the structure is a conspicuous object. Thirty-seven villages, each distinguishable by its church, can be counted from that fine elevation, which is as far from the centre of the town as is the famous House of Glass on Penge Hill. It is remarkable indeed that a circle struck by a pair of compasses, with the inner leg fixed on a point at Charing Cross, would intersect both buildings at a radius of six miles. With an extreme length of 900 feet, and a width of 430 feet, the main hall, or nave, affords ample space for promenading, for flower shows, and for festivals of all kinds. There is, moreover, the additional area of three transepts, over the central one being a well-lit cupola 220 feet high, with a diameter of 170 feet. In this transept will take place all great musical performances, the organ being one of the most magnificent ever built. A theatre, with a stage as large as Drury Lane, having a width of 85 feet, has been designed and constructed by Messrs. Grieve and Sons, the well-known scenic artists. Over the proscenium is a large painting by Mr. John Absolon; and the modelled ornamentation is of a piece with the architecture of the Palace itself, being solidly constructed, and entirely free from the ordinary look of temporary fittings. On either side the proscenium appropriate statuary has been placed by Mr. Bruciani, who has ranged along the whole vista of the building copies of the finest sculpture that adorns the palaces and museums of Rome, Florence, and other cities. Balancing the theatre, which is in the eastern part of the nave, is a concert-hall, not yet completed, at the western end of the building. This apartment will hold three thousand persons; and the floor is scooped out, like three sides of a dish, so as to have a rising ground in all directions from the orchestra. A second organ, of smaller compass, is being built for the concert-room by Mr. Willis.

WEIMAR.—The Abbate Franz Liszt's oratorio of *Christus* was to be performed, on the 29th ult., at 6 o'clock, p.m., in the Town Church, under the direction of the composer himself. The solos were to be sustained by Madame von Milde, Mdle. Dotter, Herren Borchers and von Milde. The chorus was to consist of the Weimar Singacademie and Academical Vocal Union, of the Jena Singacademie and Vocal Union, and of some members of the Erfurt Union. The orchestra was to be made up of the Grand-Ducal orchestra, of members of the Sonderhausen orchestra, and of pupils of the Orchestral School. The following are the principal features of the oratorio:—First Part. Christmas Oratorio. 1. Introduction: "Rorate Cœli desuper et Nubes pluant justum; aperiat Terra, et germinet Salvatorem. 2. Annunciation of the Angels. 3. Stabat Mater speciosa. 4. Performance of the Shepherds in the Manger. 5. The three holy Kings: "Et ecce Stella quam viderunt." Second Part. After Epiphania. 6. The Beatification. 7. The Foundation of the Church: "Tu es Petrus." 8. Pater Noster. 9. The Miracle: "Et ecce Motus magnus factus est in Maribus." 10. The Entry into Jerusalem: "Hosanna, benedictus qui venit in Nomine Domini." Third Part. The Passion and Resurrection. 11. "Tristis est Anima mea." 12. Stabat Mater dolorosa. 13. O, Filii et Filie! 14. "Resurrexit." "Christus vincit."

PAULINE LUCCA IN CHICAGO.

(From "The Chicago Times.")

The tide of popular enthusiasm over the appearances of Madame Lucca was at its highest flow at yesterday afternoon's *matinée* presentation of the *Daughter of the Regiment*. This fervour of admiration, which has been on the increase during the whole of the visit which the cantatrice has just made us, called out an audience by all odds the most enthusiastic and demonstrative of the season. The *Daughter of the Regiment*, like all of Donizetti's operas, affords a wonderful field for the exhibition of pure dramatic talent, and it furthermore requires the almost constant presence of the *prima donna* upon the stage—two facts which, when we consider that Madame Lucca was the *prima donna* of yesterday's representation, will sufficiently account for the well-nigh crazy pitch of enthusiasm reached by the audience. Madame Lucca, too, surpassed herself in sprightliness and good humour, and was applauded to the echo, and at the close of the first act she was called before the curtain three times, amid a tumult of cheers. At the opening of the second act, in the "music lesson" scene, Madame Lucca introduced "Mein Lied," in German, and "Home, sweet Home," in English. The audience, which was largely composed of Germans, received "Mein Lied" with wild enthusiasm, and followed it with a shower of bouquets. "Home, sweet Home" was sung with a depth of feeling and delicacy of expression, almost beyond rivalry. This, too, was received with demonstrations of delight, in which the entire audience joined.

As soon as the applause which followed "Home, Sweet Home" had subsided, Mr. Louis Wahl stepped upon the stage, and, in the name of the citizens of Chicago, presented Mme. Lucca with a magnificent diamond cross, assuring her that it was a tribute rendered not merely in recognition of her genius, but as a feeble acknowledgment of her kindness of heart, and the generous impulses which have marked her bearing towards our citizens during her recent visits. Mme. Lucca affected to tears, bowed with unfeigned emotion, and replied as follows:—

"Kind friends: I feel so happy to receive this gift that my feelings quite overcome me—to receive such a token, such a beautiful token, of your esteem. I hope to return to you again next fall, and will then try to convince you of my gratitude. Again, a thousand thanks, and prosperity to Chicago!"

The gift is a Maltese cross, the centre stone being a large and beautiful diamond, accompanied by nine other smaller ones, mounted in elegant and massive plain gold setting. It is one inch in length, and three-quarters of an inch in breadth, and cost \$1,000. The cross was worn during the remainder of the performance by the fair recipient, and was, of course, the centre of attraction to the lady *matinée*-goers. The closing act of the opera was given with the same vivacity and good humour. Vizzani's Tonio, and Ronconi's Sulpizio, as well as the numerous and stirring choruses, were given in unexceptionable style, although the effulgence of the greater light gave the lesser ones small chance to shine.

The opera week which has just closed has been one of unprecedented success. Few of those who, night by night, sit in front of the curtain, applauding and censuring, can form an idea of the labour, the tact, or the expense demanded of a manager. When, therefore, he shows a liberality in his appointments, and a desire to support his leading stars with the best talent, he deserves success. In bringing together two such artists as Lucca and Kellogg he has shown an intimate acquaintance with the popular taste, and a laudable desire to please all fancies. Madame Lucca is, undoubtedly, the ablest lyric artist who has visited these shores for years. She is, as yet, in the hey-day of her prime, and has certainly not touched the "summit of her greatness." There are triumphs yet in store for her grander than any she has yet achieved. She has won the hearts of our people, as well by the nobility of her genius as by an inexpressibly charming *naïveté* peculiarly her own. The various rôles in which she has appeared have all, without exception, been admirably suited to bring out the versatility and range of her wonderful powers. In the repertory presented she has simply followed the bent of her genius, and fallen into the niche which nature intended for her. In the delineation of tender feeling as in M. Gounod's touching and admirable *Faust*, or those sparkling touches so beautifully illustrated in *Don Giovanni*, and the *Daughter of the Regiment*, she cannot be surpassed. Miss Kellogg, by her splendid vocalization and improved acting, has won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Her appearance in *Don Giovanni* was a decided triumph, and considering that she has had to undergo the trying ordeal of instinctive comparison with one of Europe's most trained and gifted artists, it is but justice to say that the United States has no reason to feel ashamed of its *prima donna*. Of the other members of the troupe we have already spoken in the highest terms. Yesterday afternoon, being the final performance, a select and fashionable audience assembled at the *matinée* to take a parting look at the fascinating German, and to listen to the familiar and always welcome music of

Donizetti's beautiful opera. Mme. Lucca could not have chosen a better rôle in which to leave a lasting impression behind her and to say farewell. Marie is in every particular admirably suited to her powers. The *Daughter of the Regiment* has ever been a popular opera with the class of artists to which Mme. Lucca belongs. It is one of the earliest efforts of Malibran, and in the character of Marie Jenny Lind first showed the Continental world whether the criticism of Garcia—that she had no voice—was correct. To those who remember her thrilling and bird-like notes the personation of Lucca might lose a little of its charm; still there is in Lucca what there was not in Jenny Lind—the soul of an actress. The magnetic power which she throws into all her personations produces an effect greater than if she were to introduce the florid ornamentation of Malibran, or the marvellous and almost superhuman flights of the Swedish Nightingale. She sang "Mein Lieb" as only a German with such a voice could sing it, and in "Home, sweet Home," so familiar and so dear, she sent a thrill home to every heart, and brought down such a burst of applause that the song must have brought delight even to herself. At the close of the *matinée* there was a little drama, in which Lucca laid aside the actress and played the woman with such feeling and grace that there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. It was as good as an opera to hear those pretty foreign accents speak their little speech, and promise to return again, and when she uttered the energetic wish, "Success to Chicago," there was not a heart in the audience which did not wish the fascinating little woman "God speed." The remarks of Mr. Wahl were brief and well chosen, and in the third act Madame Lucca wore the beautiful diamond cross which must ever be to her a souvenir of the love she leaves behind her in the Western metropolis.

LIVERPOOL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A correspondent with the signature of "Crotchet" writes to the *Liverpool Porcupine* as follows:—

"Your London letter writer last week expressed his delight at the efforts which are being made to insure a proper representation of Liverpool at the national musical competition of the choirs in the Crystal Palace in July next. From time to time we have heard of these grand contests, but have seen or heard little of the practical results attained. Considering that this competition is supposed to be a national effort, not only are there very few competitors, but those who enter the lists are generally below the standard which, under the circumstances, might be expected to be attained. I presume that in the institution of these annual gatherings one idea was to develop local talent which might otherwise never be heard of, and by the diffusion of a spirit of general emulation to stimulate choirs and choral societies to the cultivation of part-singing. It is in no bickering spirit I would inquire how much (or how little) result satisfactory to the best interests of the musical art has followed these so-called national competitions hitherto?

"Liverpool, it seems, is about to send up some eighty singers to take part in a choral contest. But have any efforts whatever been made to insure that 'proper representation' of the town of which your London correspondent speaks? Is Mr. Sanders's choir any more the embodiment and concentration of Liverpool musical excellence than were the immortal trio of Tooley Street tailors the accredited ambassadors of Great Britain? How and why have these representatives of Liverpool at the Crystal Palace musical congress been chosen? Are they not self-elected? Do they represent more than a section or a clique of Liverpool singers?

"In my humble opinion local competitions should precede any national contest. Steps should be taken to secure the very best article that a town can produce before its musical contribution is put in comparison with that of its neighbours. Mr. Sanders's singers have never been shown to be superior to any other choir; and they cannot be fairly representative, if no effort has been made to cull the best voices from the several local choirs of every denomination. The promised public rehearsal of the Liverpool competitors may prove that the self-constituted champions of the divine art here have some warranty for engaging in the contest, but it would be better had the singers undertaking to sustain Liverpool's musical repute been tried in the crucible of local competition, for the encouragement of which, doubtless, handsome prizes would always be forthcoming, and there would never be a lack of efficient aspirants to honours. The result of such healthy contests would not only have an immediate influence on art locally, but, by furnishing the worthiest exemplars of the town's musical standing, would raise the standard of excellence at the national gatherings annually in London."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—According to a local paper, Russia possesses 142 theatres, most of which are built of wood. As there are some 2,800 towns in Russia in Europe, there is only one theatre for about 20 towns.

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FRIDAY, June 20.

SEVENTH RECITAL,

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 13, 1873.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUINTET, in G, Op. 156, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (first time)..... F. Hiller.
 Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr L. RIES, Herr STRAUS, and Herr DAUBERT.
 SONATA, in E minor, Op. 91, for pianoforte alone..... Beethoven.
 Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.
 SONATA, in A, for violin..... Handel.
 Madame NORMAN-NERUDA.
 SOLO, pianoforte—Ballad, in A flat..... Chopin.
 Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.
 QUARTET, in A, Op. 26, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello..... Brahms.
 Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Herr DAUBERT.
 Sofa Stalls, 7s. Balcony, 3s. Area, 1s.
 Tickets at CHAPPEL and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; MITCHELL'S, 33, Old Bond Street; OLLIVIER'S, 38, Old Bond Street; KEITH, PROWSE and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; HAYS', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and AUSTIN's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

NOTICE.

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" . . . We might quote much more, and fill many columns from this curious work, but we have, probably, said enough to stimulate the curiosity of our readers, who will, we have no doubt, speedily procure it, and peruse for themselves the fanciful and elaborate descriptions of the author. Many amusing and clever suggestions are embodied in its pages, and we cannot help suspecting that some of the ingenious speculations regarding the Star Worlds are intended by the author as good-humoured satires upon the familiar institutions of this hum-drum every-day life of ours."—*Era*.

SAMUEL TINSLEY, Publisher, 10, Southampton Street, Strand.

DEATH.

On the 3rd inst., suddenly, Mr. JOHN GOODMAN, formerly of Great Marlborough Street, aged 67.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMATEUR.—Herr Jacques Rosenthal (formerly concert-meister at Hamburg), has been for some years settled in this country. At the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert, February 15th, 1868, he appeared, with great honour and success, as a solo violinist, selecting for his debut the first movement of Vieuxtemps' masterly Concerto in E.

Dr. BLUFF.—There is a symphony by Haydn to which the nickname of "Jupiter" was given: but Haydn was no more answerable for it than was Mozart for the same nickname being fixed upon his great Symphony in C. In his other speculations Dr. Bluff is altogether misinformed; and one of his queries about a certain English artist seems to us little better than idiotic.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

In the next number of the MUSICAL WORLD will be given the first portion of an analysis, with illustrations in music type, of Sir W. S. Bennett's new Sonata, "THE MAID OF ORLEANS."

ARABELLA GODDARD.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM).

Melbourne, June 3.

Madame Arabella Goddard's concert has been an immense success.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873.

GRUMBLING is admitted on all hands to be an Englishman's privilege, and it may also be the safety-valve through which the spleen of his nature escapes harmlessly. Nothing exists in vain, not even the most disagreeable monster that hides in subterranean caves; and an Englishman's tendency to grumble, we may depend upon it, is adapted to do good on English soil. It keeps us all up to the mark, and encourages us to strive after something better than that we have by a continual pointing out of shortcomings. But always grumbling cannot be good, because it cannot be true. The worst condition of things is not unmixed evil, and we are wise sometimes to look upon the "bright side" which the good in it presents. Suppose we do this, in brief fashion, with regard to music. No doubt there is plenty to grumble at, if we felt in grumbling mood. The "Millennium" of Art is yet a long way off, and with the divine essence of music is still mixed up a large proportion of more earthly and grosser matter. We need not fear, therefore, that the grumbler's occupation will be gone for some time to come; but all the while there is much—and that much increasing year by year—adapted to call forth thankfulness instead of complaint. We will glance for a moment at this class of undoubted facts,

It has often been urged that composers who strive after legitimate fame in the highest walks of art receive no encouragement in this country. That some sort of reason exists for this we will not pretend to deny. The classical composer, for example, must not expect to make a fortune out of his classical compositions. For bread and cheese he needs to depend upon the class of writings vulgarly known as "pot-boilers," and if he can write good "pot-boilers" little difficulty will be found in adding an occasional onion to his fare. Having the necessities represented by bread and cheese, and the luxuries represented by the onion, it is

surely not too much to expect the genuine artist-composer to work somewhat for his art, with reference rather to glory than to guineas. If so disposed, present appearances go to show that he need not despair of opportunities and patronage. In proof, we need but mention a single fact, which is that more new works are now being prepared under the highest auspices than at any previous time in the history of English music. Mr. Sullivan is writing an oratorio, "*The Light of the World*;" Mr. Randegger has in hand a cantata, "*Fridolin*;" Mr. Schira has finished a cantata, "*The Lord of Burleigh*;" all for the Festival at Birmingham. Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "*John the Baptist*," is engaged for the Festival at Bristol; Mr. Henry Smart's "*Jacob*," for that at Glasgow; and the "*Hagar*" of Sir Gore Ouseley, for that at Hereford. In addition, the "*Lazarus*" of Mr. J. F. Barnett is promised at a concert given by the new Philharmonic Society. This England of ours may not be a musical country, but we should like to know if any other country in the world can show a like state of things. Seven new works of large dimensions and importance in a single season together make up a great and significant fact. In view of it let us hear no more about want of opportunity and encouragement from ambitious composers. Of course, festival programmes are not open to every man who thinks he can write an oratorio, but the "seven" speak plainly enough to the fact that no man need despair of overcoming whatever obstacles lie outside of himself.

Turning from the creative to the executive branch of our art, we see equal reasons for congratulation. Classical music is fairly in the ascendant. It may be that a vast proportion of those who support classical music with all the zeal of converts merely persuade themselves that they love it; but even so, a great step in advance is made. When people feel that they ought to do such and such things, the time is not far off when they will make the effort, and succeed. At the worst, classical music has reached this stage of its career. The public believe that they are doing the "correct thing" when they patronize it, and every year brings closer at hand the time when an education, begun out of deference to a general sentiment, will terminate in an honest conviction. On every hand there are evidences of such a progress. Classical music pervades our concert-rooms even through the months of the London "season." It is an essential wherever pretensions are made to art. It is to be heard daily at Exhibitions, Crystal Palaces, and other places of amusement or instruction. These are simple facts which do not need a glance down the advertisement columns of the newspapers for proof. Being facts, let us take whatever comfort they are adapted to give, and pause in our grumbling, in order to be thankful. After the "*Laus Deo*," grumbling may begin again with, perhaps, a trifle of abatement.

LET us all throw physic to the dogs. The doctor's occupation's gone. There is mourning in Apothecaries' Hall. The British College of Health will sell its stone lion to pay rent, and—in short, it is all up with drugs. Read this extract from Mr. John Ella's Musical Union programme:—

"Contrary to medical advice, I left a sick room an invalid, to assist at the last Musical Union, and returned home convalescent. In November, 1845, at Vienna, under similar circumstances, I attended a most exciting performance of Berlioz's music; the same results!"

Music, long the food of love, is discovered to be medicine for the body. Now is the dawn of a blessed time, when a

visit to the Musical Union will cure the bile, when a course of Herr Bülow's playing will be an infallible recipe for neuralgia, and when a musical lecture at the London Institution will act as a powerful emetic. Happy Mr. Ella, who cries "Eureka" to such a "find." He shall have a statue in Leicester Square, representing him as the genius of Music trampling on Professor Holloway, also the late Morrison.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

OUR little friend, the *Echo*, has perpetrated the following:—

"Of Liszt's Psalm it is difficult to speak after a first hearing. To the unlearned it would appear, doubtless, to be descriptive of a boiling sea after a wreck, with a few drowning men floating about on spars, the drowning men to represent certain fitful gleams of melody, the boiling chaos all the rest. But the attentive, though uninitiated listener, might quickly discern that the XIIIth Psalm is a powerful work, with real intention and meaning, containing passages of that peculiar force and fascination which occur in all Liszt's compositions. Our own experience being that Liszt is almost always oppressive and hopeless at a first hearing, and that he improves after each trial, we are willing to believe that the XIIIth Psalm is no exception to this rule; we shall, therefore, hope to say more about it next time—at present we feel rather deaf, and generally well beaten all over."

So it seems that drowning men represent Liszt's "fitful gleams" of melody, and "boiling chaos" represents "all the rest." We do not wish to disturb this arrangement, but what is "boiling chaos?" Really, if our little friend does not talk more intelligibly, he will deserve to be "beaten all over."

THE *Sunday Times* thus girded at Hans von Bülow in its latest issue, and *à propos* of the latest Philharmonic Concert:—

"The solo performer was Herr Hans von Bülow, who, to the incoherence of his own playing, added the incoherence of Rubinstein's Concerto in G; and what with one and what with the other, the audience got so bemuddled as to take refuge in the delusion that they were all delighted. We cannot describe Rubinstein's music, if music it may be called. It makes the orchestra and pianoforte rave like inarticulate monsters in pain; its progress is by jerks and spasms, it is without form and void of sense. Herr von Bülow played the work as such a work should be played. He flung himself about, flourished his hands, glared now at the orchestra, now at the audience, missed right notes and put wrong ones in their places, and generally demeaned himself as a man might be expected to demean himself much of whose life has been spent in committing to memory the gibberish of the Pythonesse calling herself Modern German Music. We devoutly hope Dr. Bülow will take Rubinstein's Concerto back with him; and if he should drop the thing overboard in mid-channel our only regret would be for the fish that happened to swallow it."

M^DLLE. ILMA DI MURSKA, we are informed, has declined to play the part of Filina in the *Mignon* of M. Thomas, now in rehearsal at Her Majesty's Opera. So much the worse for Mr. Mapleson, so much the worse for M. Thomas, so much the worse for M^dlle. di Murska, and so much the better for M^dlle. Christine Nilsson.

Times for Music.

BELOVED MAY.*

In yon cottage on the mountain,
With creeper covered o'er,
By the gushing, gurgling fountain,
With its melodious roar,
Sheltered by those colossal firs
From summer sun's fierce ray,
Without a form to equal hers,
Lives my beloved May.

There are pansies drest in velvet,
Carnations robed in red,
Lilac bow'd down by dew so wet,
That scarce can lift its head,
Lilies, white as snow that's falling,
In this her garden gay—
But the brightest flow'r that's bloom-
ing
Is their fair mistress, May.

The forest birds all know her well,
So kind and good is she;
Her step they instantly can tell,
Her voice they never flee.
About they'll hover at her call,
And warble their sweet lay—
But the blithest bird among them all
Is my young darling, May.

Ah! that cottage is the casket
Wherein my heart is laid,
The jewel rare that's in it set
Is that delightful maid.
Oh, Love! shoot thou thy pow'ful
dart,
On this warm summer's day,
At the sole sov'reign of my heart,
That little blossom—May.

ERNEST HOUGHTON.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE announcement that the first evening concert given by Madame Rebecca Jewell would introduce a new and important work from the pen of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, was in itself sufficient to attract a large and brilliant audience, comprising a considerable proportion of the *élite* of the musical world, to the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday evening last. The composition in question consisted of a descriptive pianoforte sonata (Op. 46), entitled "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" (the Maid of Orleans), its interpretation being entrusted to Miss Channell, a student of the Royal Academy of Music, who has already distinguished herself as a pianist of great promise. The sonata is in four movements—the first, the Andante Pastorale, being supposed to depict the peaceful days passed in the fields amongst her flocks by the ill-fated Pucelle; the second, the Allegro Marziale, representing the din and clanging of the battle-field; the third, Adagio Patetico, portraying the prayers and reminiscences of Joan when in prison; while the fourth, the *Molto di Passione*, explained by the line "Brief is the sorrow, endless is the joy," brings the work to a brilliant conclusion. Those who went prepared to enjoy a musical treat of an exceptionally high order were not disappointed. The composition from first to last was listened to with the utmost pleasure, and each movement was greeted with most hearty applause, the charming *adagio* melody especially calling forth expressions of the most unqualified delight. Our distinguished countryman was fortunate, moreover, in having so clever an exponent of his work as Miss Channell, the young lady throughout her arduous task showing an intelligent appreciation of the ideas of the composer, combined with executive skill of a very high order. At the conclusion of the sonata she was recalled to the platform to receive well-merited plaudits from the audience, and on a loud cry being raised for the composer, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett bowed his acknowledgments from one of the private boxes at the end of the room amidst a scene of great enthusiasm. In other respects the programme was very attractive, the *bénéficiaire* herself singing Bennett's "Forget me not," Donizetti's "La Doca del Lago," and Randegger's "Peacefully slumber," besides taking part with Mr. W. H. Cummings in a new duet by Alice Mary Smith, called "Love's summer-land." In each of these Madame Jewell acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of her numerous patrons. Miss Edith Wynne was encored after a brilliant rendering of Bishop's "Tell me my heart," for which she substituted "The Bells of Aberdovey." Mr. W. H. Cummings and Miss Marion Severn both successfully carried out their share in the evening's entertainment, while the instrumental portion of the programme, in addition to the sonata already mentioned, was entrusted to Mr. Henry Holmes (violin), Mr. John Thomas (harp), and Mr. Walter Macfarren (pianoforte). The concert opened and concluded with some part songs, very prettily rendered by a select choir of lady students from the Royal Academy of Music.

MR. W. H. THOMAS gave his second concert at the Athenæum, Camden Road, on Monday week, assisted by Mdlle. José Sherrington, Mrs. Watts Hughes, Miss B. Randall, Mdlle. Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, S. Graham, Lewis Thomas, and J. G. Patey. The programme opened with Verdi's trio, "Te sol quest'anima," which was well sung by Mdlle. Sherrington, S. Graham, and Lewis Thomas. Mrs. Hughes was heard to advantage in "Non più mesta" (Rossini) and the Welsh song, "Eos Lais." Mdlle. Sherrington was recalled for a good rendering of F. Cowen's song, "Spinning." She also sang the "Shadow air" from *Dinorah*, and received a merited encore, in response to which she substituted "Home, Sweet Home." Sullivan's "Looking Back" was splendidly sung by Mdlle. Patey, and loudly re-demanded, but the favourite contralto preferred to sing "She wore a wreath of roses." Mr. Rigby contributed B. Richards' "Anita" (recalled) and Shield's "The Thorn" (encored). It is needless to say they were both capitally rendered. Mr. Lewis Thomas gave, with his usual excellence, Poniatowski's "Yeoman's wedding song" (encored), and Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer" (recalled); while Mr. Patey was very successful in "The bell-ringer" (Wallace). Songs were also sung by Miss Randall and Mr. Graham. The *bénéficiaire*, who met with a warm reception, played Chopin's "Fantaisie impromptu," Liszt's arrangement of "La regatta Veneziani," and Weber's "Rondo brillante," with so much sound judgment and executive ability as to afford another proof that we have in him a pianist of no mean promise. In response to the encore which followed his playing of the last-named piece, a "Bourrée" by Bach was substituted with entire success. A large audience filled the room, and Mr. Thomas may be congratulated on the success of his concert. Mr. A. H. Thousless and Mr. F. Manby were efficient conductors.

MR. OBERTHÜR attracted a large number of admirers of the harp (of which instrument he is one of the most distinguished professors) to the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Tuesday morning, to listen to his fine performances. There was, besides, an interesting and

varied programme of vocal and instrumental music, so that everyone's taste was gratified. The feature of the concert was Mr. Oberthür's trio in C major, for violin, violoncello, and harp (the second he has written for the same instruments), played by Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Elsner, and the composer, and played in so perfect a way that the composer must have felt as pleased as the public acknowledged themselves to be by their hearty applause at the end of each movement. Mr. Oberthür afterwards exhibited his perfect command over his instrument by his brilliant performance of Parish Alvars' *Fantaisie Caractéristique* on themes from *Oberon*, at the conclusion of which he was unanimously recalled to the platform. In the second part, Mr. Oberthür gave his charming Musical Illustration, "Clouds and Sunshine," (one of the many little gems for the harp that Mr. Oberthür has written), and was again recalled to receive the approbation of his audience. The last piece played by Mr. Oberthür was his popular duet, for harp and piano, on *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which he had as co-adjutor the clever young pianist, Miss Flora Heilbron; who also, in the course of the concert, played in dashing style Weber's "Rondo brillante," for piano solo. Mr. Oberthür showed his ability as a composer of vocal music in a charming romance, "I would I were" ("Je voudrais être"), sung, in French, by Madame Elvira Behrens, accompanied on the harp by Mr. Oberthür, and in a fine song, "Die Entdeckung," sung, in German, by Mdlle. Natalie Carola, accompanied by the composer on the pianoforte. Among the other items of the programme deserving especial notice were a solo on the clarinet, beautifully played by Mr. Lazarus; a ballad and polonaise for the violin, by Vieuxtemps, capitally executed by Herr Josef Ludwig; a violoncello solo by Servais ("Le Desir"), perfectly rendered by Herr Elsner, who was deservedly recalled; Mr. Sullivan's romance, "Oh! ma charmante," sung with consummate taste by Mr. Wilbye Cooper; a *canzone* by M. Scuderi, sung so excellently by Signor Caravoglia that he was unanimously called upon to repeat it; Sir Michael Costa's "Dall' asilo della pace," perfectly vocalised by Mdlle. Carola; and the romance, "Quando le sere" (*Luisa Miller*), sung by Signor Urio, whose voice came out with astonishing power and sweetness. We have not space to mention all the other good things provided by Mr. Oberthür, but we must not pass over Mr. Ganz's popular song, "The nightingale," sung by Mdlle. Carola (recalled), and Signor Scuderi's "Dormi pur," effectively sung by Signor Caravoglia. The vocal music was accompanied on the pianoforte by Signor Visetti, Herr W. Ganz, and Herr Adolph Gollnick. Mr. Oberthür had the honour of receiving several musical "notabilities" at his *matinée*, among whom were Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, Dr. Hans von Bülow, and Sir Michael Costa.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH's concert took place on Wednesday week in the Hanover Square Rooms, and added to a long list of successes. Among the artists who assisted were Madame Sherrington, Miss Poyntz, Miss Gaetano, the Misses Holman-Andrews, Madame Alvsleben, Miss Philp, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Tito Mattei, &c. It is, of course, unnecessary to dwell upon the details of a programme containing many well-known pieces, and it will suffice to make special mention of a few among the more notable things. The Misses Andrews were very successful in Benedict's duet, "The Crusaders," obtaining an encore which they richly deserved. Signor Gardoni, always a favourite in concert-rooms, was heard to great advantage in "Mio caro tesoro," responding to an encore for which he substituted "La donna e mobile;" and Madame Alvsleben added to her fast-increasing reputation in this country by singing music so widely different as the "Shadow Song" in *Dinorah* and "Robin Adair." One of the greatest successes of the occasion was made by Mr. Alfred Howell, principal violoncello at the Royal Italian Opera, who played a solo with such exquisite production of tone and finish of style as to win the hearty applause of every listener. Mr. Howell is an artist who, in any country but England, would have far too many engagements as a soloist to allow of his wasting sweetness on the (comparatively) desert air of orchestral music. Altogether the concert was a great success and reflected credit upon the purveyorship of the *bénéficiaire*.

SIGNOR AND MADAME ARDITI gave a *matinée musicale* at their residence on Monday, which was attended by a host of "notabilities," who listened as attentively as "notabilities" ever do listen to a programme of music especially adapted to their tastes. Among the "interpreters" were Mdlle. José Sherrington, who gave fluently and successfully the variation in "Ah! vous dirai-je maman;" Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who sang, in her perfect style, "C'est l'Espagne;" and Mdlle. Marie Rozé, who did the same for Mr. Cowen's "Marguerite." Signors Naudin and Borella gave a duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and the former the *barcarole* from *Fra Diavolo*. Signor Campobello represented the English element, and sang "Honour and arms" in a way that did him infinite credit. Miss Arditi was the instrumentalist. She played a polonaise by Chopin in so effective a way (the aristocratic audience, for a wonder, listening, instead of talking, as usual,) that she was recalled,

whereupon the fair and youthful pianist treated her listeners to the "Husareurits" of Herr Spindler. A feature of the programme was a duet by Nicolai, "One Word" ("Dis moi un mot"), sung, in French, by Madame Arditi and Colonel Mapleson, which delighted the audience beyond measure. Miss Macvitz, the young Russian contralto, also sang two songs, and the vocal pieces were accompanied on the pianoforte by Signors Visetti and Arditi.

The annual benefit of the director of the famous Henry Leslie's Choir took place on Thursday week in St. James's Hall. There was a good attendance, and, if nothing was done which presented a special attraction, the programme generally had the merit of containing a large number of popular works. The choir sang, among other things, Henry Leslie's prize madrigal, "Thine eyes so bright," and "Awake, awake!" Walter Macfarren's "Shepherds all and Maidens fair" (encored); Weelke's madrigal, "As Vesta was descending;" Wilbye's "Sweet honey-sucking bees;" and Benet's "Flow, O, my tears." All these were executed with the perfect finish which has so honourably distinguished the choir, and were received with general enthusiasm. The vocal solos were confined to Mdle. Valleria, Mdme. Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Borella; Mdme. Néruda and Mr. Charles Hallé being the instrumentalists. These artists are too well known to make needful a detailed record of their doings. Enough that each contributed familiar things to the programme, and won familiar successes. The most interesting feature of the evening was Beethoven's Sonata in F, for piano and violin, played to perfection by Mdme. Néruda and Mr. Hallé, both of whom were recalled by a delighted audience. Mr. Leslie had a hearty reception on making his appearance at the conductor's desk.

MR. AND MADAME ALFRED GILBERT began their series of musical reunions at St. George's Hall on Monday evening. They were assisted by Madame Poole, Signor Caravoglia, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Herr Straus, and Signor Pezze. Mr. Gilbert's solo piece was Beethoven's sonata in C (Op. 53), and his concerted piece, Beethoven's trios, Op. 1, No. 3, and Op. 70, No. 2. Madame Gilbert sang the Sleep Song from Handel's *Semele*, and "Pur dicesti," by Lotti; Madame Poole, "Ah! rendemi quel core;" Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Sullivan's "O ma charmante" (encored); and Signor Caravoglia, two songs by Mozart. Mr. Charles E. Stephens accompanied the vocal pieces on the pianoforte.

PROVINCIAL.

CAMBRIDGE.—The *Cambridge Express*, May 24, contained the following:—

"The fifty-fourth concert of the Cambridge Amateur Musical Society was most successfully given on Wednesday last. The first part consisted of Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerton*, composed for the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1864, and now produced in Cambridge for the first time. The whole work is of the greatest merit, the instrumentation being very fine. The solos were rendered most efficiently by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Christian. Miss Wynne fairly won the unanimous applause bestowed upon her in 'Our home shall be,' in the duet, with Mr. Lloyd, 'Hark, those spirit voices,' and 'Here may we dwell.' Mr. Lloyd was most successful in his songs, 'The full moon is beaming,' and 'What form do I see?' the applause accorded to him shewing the great appreciation of his singing. Mr. O. Christian appeared for the first time in Cambridge, and sang the part allotted to him with the greatest care, and came in for his share of applause in the fine song, 'The sea rules all.' The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, opening with the overture of *Masaniello*, very beautifully performed by the band, the wind parts being most effectively played by members of the First Life Guards' band, whose services were most valuable. Mr. Lloyd followed with 'Good-bye, sweetheart,' and fairly electrified the audience, as evinced in the unmistakable demand for an encore, which was acceded to. He then sang 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and again evoked boisterous applause. Miss Wynne delighted the company with 'She wandered down the mountain side.' Encores again being in the ascendant, she sang a new song, 'Mizpah,' in the most pleasing manner. Mr. Christian, sustaining 'Homeward Bound,' succeeded in an encore, as did Mr. Davis, for his finely executed solos upon the harp. We cannot conclude this notice without saying a word of praise to the conductor, Mr. H. J. Brown."

ANTWERP.—One of the most popular members of the dramatic company here is, for the moment, Cérise, a canine actor, who sustains the part of Azor in *La Courte Paille*, and is a worthy colleague of Killjoy, alias Rabat-jole, now delighting the frequenters of the Adelphi by his performance in the *Wandering Jew*.

DR. FERDINAND HILLER has arrived in London from Cologne. Everybody will welcome this most truly distinguished of living German musicians.

"ANOTHER WORLD."

(From the "Literary World.")

THE ART OF DRESS IN MONTALLUYAH.

The ladies after marriage are allowed to wear very rich costumes, of beautiful texture and most brilliant colour. They have colours more intense than ours. One, a bright silver-green, is radiant with all the vividness and brilliancy of our southern sunsets. This peculiar silver-green is obtained by exposing the silk, when woven into the piece, to the rays of the sun during the half-hour after noon. They have also a most beautiful silk, called "sun-silk," to produce which the sun is made to bear on silk-worms at particular hours of the day, and the result is, that the silk of the cocoon is of a colour resembling that of a bright sun.

"The costume of the lady is loose and flowing. A jacket or bodice of purple tissue covers the right arm and one side of the body to the waist, leaving the left arm, shoulder, and part of the bosom exposed. A small waistcoat made of crimson tissue is worn underneath the bodice. The tunic is made of white tissue, beautifully embroidered with gold thread. The short skirt shows trousers of golden tissue, full, and not unlike those of your Turks. They are confined at the ankle by anklets, made of plain gold for the middle classes, whilst those worn by the upper classes are of rarer metal, ornamented with precious stones. There are fringe trimmings to the tunic, made of precious metals of every variety of colour, selected for their lightness and beauty, and enriched at their extremities with precious stones. The feet are protected by a sole secured either by sandals or by means of an adhesive material. Women are not allowed to wear stays, or in any way to confine the waist. Indeed, such encumbrances would suit no good purpose, inasmuch as their forms are actually beautiful. Their spines, in consequence of their physical education, are strong, and every part of the person which might possibly require support, is in its proper place. . . . The marriage costume is generally purple and gold; the rich being magnificently attired, and wearing beautiful jewels in the hair."

THE LAWS OF MARRIAGE.

"The day of the civil marriage is one of unalloyed joy. In the selection of the day, even the elements are studied by men specially devoted to meteorology, who, with perfect infallibility, can predict the weather for a fortnight. Three months after the birth of each child the marriage ceremony is repeated, the same assembling of friends, the feasting, and the same purification and adornment of the bride taking place as when the parties were married. No religious ceremony, with the exception of a short prayer, takes place on the day of the civil marriage. The bride and bridegroom are supposed to be too much engrossed with the thoughts of their coming joys to give proper attention to prayers pronounced by others. The bride and bridegroom, however, are each expected to pray in private as their own hearts may prompt. The religious ceremony takes place at a convenient period, when a year has expired after the civil marriage, and we are justified in hoping that the newly-married pair, by their conduct to each other, have given evidence that they are worthy of the blessings now to be solemnly invoked. When the day arrives the bride is dressed in white, without a single jewel. Both she and the bridegroom prostrate themselves when receiving the blessing. As the ceremony is supposed to be exclusively religious, there is no feasting. If the couple have had any serious dissension during the year the religious ceremony is postponed; but great efforts are made to reconcile the difference, and if these are successful the solemnity takes place. When, on the other hand, a reconciliation cannot be effected, the law insists on a separation of the parties; who, however, may be reconciled at any time. As neither is allowed to marry again, polygamy is forbidden, and, as irregularities are out of the question, a reconciliation can almost always be effected, unless, indeed, there is some cause sufficiently grave to render a separation necessarily final. Such cases are exceptional in the extreme. . . . Husband and wife are now really considered and treated as one. At places of amusement, and in public conveyances, they pay for one only. In calculating the number of persons present, we say, for example, 'there are 200 doubles and 100 singles'—this with you would make 500. We count them as 300 only."

THE SCIENCE OF DISEASE-GERMS

Is sedulously cultivated; and physicians take very high rank in Montalluyah. Their revenue is great, and they are wholly provided for by the state. Their chief occupation is to preserve the patient's health and prevent disease, and should any one from any but accidental causes fall ill, they consider it as a disgrace to them! The laws of Tootmanysso provide for the protection of children from their birth, and minute precautions are taken in the care of infants; they are happily spared all pain in cutting their teeth, by the application of a certain bulb or root, which is so softening and relaxing in its effects, that after a short time the teeth make their way through the gums with perfect ease. Gymnastics and sea-bathing are insisted on as indispensable in the physical education of youth. The blood of all

* "Another World; or, Fragments from the Star City of Montalluyah." By Hermes. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1873.

animals killed for food is analyzed by the "field doctors," who, if it does not contain the proper ingredients, reject the flesh as unwholesome. Those appointed to the education of the young are called "character-divers," and their duty is to detect and eradicate in the child the germs of the imperfections and crimes of the man. They have in Montalluyah an electric telegraph, not unlike that used in our world, but different in construction and mode of working. What is written at one station is reproduced in its exact size and form at another. Even a portrait designed at one end of the telegraph, with the electric acid would be instantaneously reproduced at the other end—perhaps many hundred miles distant.

What may be the real purport of this very curious volume it is not easy to determine; a sort of Utopia is depicted, the customs and government of which deserve serious consideration, and afford some really valuable suggestions; but as the conditions of Montalluyah differ in many respects widely from our own, its laws and manners can scarcely be received as models by terrestrial states. The editor wisely refrains from explaining by what means such extraordinary experiences were acquired, since any attempt to unfold them at present would only increase the reader's incredulity. Whether the fragments were obtained by *spiritual revelations* we are not informed; but it seems impossible to account for them in any other way. He says—"When these revelations, or others derived from the same source, have succeeded in establishing a confidence between the editor and his readers, it is more than probable that the secret of the source itself will be disclosed. That disclosure made in due season will bring to light some unprecedented, but most interesting facts, and will establish the important truth that the soul of man is immaterial and immortal."

And, in the meantime, we can recommend *Another World* as decidedly clever and original. It treats of all sorts of practical subjects, and presents an immense variety of interesting topics all skilfully and gracefully treated; and it certainly calls attention to evils which, though remedied in the highly-favoured Montalluyah, still flourish in unchecked luxuriance on our own planet of this earth.

(Concluded from page 356.)

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Two concerts have taken place lately at the *Etablissement*. They were announced more than a fortnight previously, to be given "au profit de l'enfant de Notre Dame des Arts." An institution founded in Paris in the year 1855, and one worthy of patronage and support; for "Our Lady of the Arts" takes under her protecting wing the daughters of men "recommandable par leurs travaux dans les professions libérales (savants, publicistes, littérateurs, artistes, &c.)," and has for her object the education (general and professional) of these young ladies. "Notre Dame des Arts" was founded by Madame Fernande de Jaubert-Vicomtesse d'Anglars (en Religion, Révérende Mère Marie-Joseph), and was recognised by Imperial decree, May 6, 1861. "Notre Dame" is, of course, put to much expense with the education of her adopted daughters, and is not rich; she, therefore, appeals to "art patrons" to help her, and some of her adopted daughters aid her in her appeal.

One word more before I allude to the concerts in aid of the funds of this institution. "Les orphelines sans fortune ont toujours la priorité."

The artists who came to Boulogne last week were M. Horace Poussard (violin), M. Aurèle (Théâtre des Variétés, Paris), M. G. Bachmann (pianist), Mlle. Sereste (de l'Opéra Comique), and Mlle. Féline Montal. The programme, which consisted of eleven pieces, was varied and well selected. Mlle. Sereste, with a rich, well-trained, soprano voice, gave us a grand air from *Traviata* (in French, "Je préfère mes plaisirs à toi amour"), and joined Mlle. Montal in a duet from *Le Maçon* of Auber with good effect, finishing with Donizetti's air from the *Fille du Régiment*, "Salut à la France." M. Poussard's performance of a fantasia on *Martha*, arranged by himself for the violin, was most expressive, and showed his *finesse* in the handling of that beautiful instrument, as also did "Une plainte," also composed by himself. M. Bachmann showed great execution and taste in playing a "Marche Hongroise," and other pieces, on a grand piano, lent specially for the occasion by M. Henri Herz.

After the concert a most charming *opéra-comique*, entitled *Mam'zelle Mariette*, paroles de M. Aurèle, musique de M. Bourgeois, was put upon the boards, and played and sung by Mlle.

Montal and M. Aurèle. Of the young lady all that I can say is, that she sang accurately and well, and promises to become a good artist and do credit to her foster mother, for she owes her musical and general education to "Notre Dame des Arts." M. Aurèle, who appeared as the lover, and to prove the constancy of his fiancée, changed costume three different times (once as an old man), threw himself entirely into the different characters, and sang with good effect.

From the above, I do not doubt, you will expect me to finish by stating that the *Etablissement* was crammed with the music-loving art patrons of Boulogne. A fortnight ago I wrote of the "rush" there was to get a seat at an English circus, and I then remarked, "Chaque un à son goût"—well, I can only say, let that sentiment be echoed (if an echo can be done so late as a fortnight after the sound). The concert on Sunday—mostly attended by French—was not well attended, but on Monday evening there were only *seventy-two* people present!! Boulogne possesses five or more musical societies; the Boulognaise profess to be great patrons of art, but if they make themselves conspicuous by being absent on occasions when real "art" visits their town (especially "art" deserving patronage). Well! Que Dieu défende "Notre Dame des Arts."

We hope to have a visit from the same artists in August, when I trust we may have another result—at all events not the loss of a large sum of money to persons who work for a charitable object.

I have friends lately returned from Brussels who speak in the highest terms of the sparkling, clever music of M. Charles Lecocq in *La Fille de Mme. Angot*. It must be a great success in London. I don't despair of our having it here during the season, i.e., if we can attract the artists to our seaside home.

The Testimonial to Sir William Hamilton, for 57 years British Consul at Boulogne-sur-Mer (referred to in these columns in March last), was presented to him at his residence in the Grand Rue, on Monday last, June 2nd; twenty-one gentlemen of the committee, together with the mayor (M. Huguet), the ex-mayor, and the *Député du Pas de Calais* (M. A. Adam), being present.

The Testimonial, which consisted of a dessert service and tea and coffee service, and which cost the sum of £600, was on view at the *Etablissement des Bains*, on Saturday and Sunday, which "establishment" the mayor graciously threw open to all who wished to see the same.

An appropriate inscription on the centre-piece of the dessert service recorded the fact that Sir William Hamilton had served his country in "naval and consular duties" for seventy years, from 1803 to 1873.

The Saison des Bains has commenced. Horses have been "laid on," or, rather, are ready to be attached to the bathing machines for persons who wish to take "headers" off their top steps into 18 inches deep water.

The daily concerts, under the direction and conductorship of M. Clement, commence on the 15th. The opera season will probably begin soon after.

S. C.

MILAN.—Great regret is manifested at the death of the celebrated Alessandro Manzoni. At a special meeting of the Communal Council it was resolved that the house of the deceased should be purchased and used as a Record Office, the study of the author of the *Promessi Sposi* being preserved as he left it. A public subscription has been set on foot for the purpose of erecting a bronze monument in the Piazza Belgiojoso, the Corporation subscribing 20,000 francs. It is said that both the Via del Giardino and the Teatro della Commedia will change their names, and in future be called after the great author.—Auber's opera, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, has proved a failure. This would not say much for the good taste of the Milanese were it not that the work is presented to them in such a shape as to be nearly irreconizable. A certain Signor Gelli has replaced the spoken dialogue by recitatives of his own composition. These have nothing in common with Auber's sparkling music, and, moreover, are so fearfully long that someone has suggested that, instead of the management announcing in the bills: "Music by Auber with recitatives by E. Gelli," they should reverse the order of things and say: "Recitatives by E. Gelli with some pieces by Auber."—There is no foundation for the report, first published in a German paper, that *Aida* is to be produced next season at Berlin. At any rate, there is nothing definitely decided as yet, and, therefore, the part of the heroine cannot have already been forwarded by Herr von Hülsen, the Prussian Intendant-General, to Mme. Mallinger.

A JEWISH MUSICAL COLLEGE.

The Rev. M. Hast, First Reader of the Great Synagogue, and the Rev. Dr. Weiss, First Reader of the Great Synagogue at Warsaw, joint publishers of the "complete collection of Sacred Jewish Music," have issued a circular in which they submit to the Jewish public the propriety of establishing a Jewish Musical College for the purpose of teaching music, both theoretically and practically, to the youth and adults of our community; also for the purpose of training choristers for synagogal purposes. They intend to devote their attention to the advancement of the institution (if established) by their united services; and in order to attain its speedy establishment, the rev. gentlemen have secured the co-operation of Mr. H. de Solla, as Musical Director of a series of choral and instrumental performances, in which several excellent vocalists and a choir, comprising a hundred voices, will take part. The programme will consist of sacred and classical Hebrew compositions, sung in the original text. The proceeds of these performances will be devoted to the purposes of establishing the institution.—*The Jewish World*.

ODE.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT. SET TO MUSIC BY
LUIGI ARDITI.

(To be performed at the Commemoration Festival of the Crystal Palace,
10th June, 1873.)

INVOCATION.

From your starry homes above,
In the distant azure skies,
Now Angelic hosts send forth
All your Heaven-born harmonies.
Aid us in the humble prayers,
Join the joyous songs of praise,
With a nation's heart and voice
To our God on high we raise.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Hear them, O Lord! They seek to honour one
Who Thy command on earth hath ever done:
There faithfully he served and followed Thee,
Placing his trust alone in Thy decree.
In mercy, then, bow down Thine ear, O Lord,
And all Thy bounteous grace to them accord.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

Ling'ring in seeming fond delay,
The tender echoes pass away.
Oft I wander through the land
Where the thistle and the rose
With the shamrock grow entwined,
And their fairest tints disclose.
There aggression is unknown,
There no sound of war is heard,
And the heart of man is warmed
By fond woman's faithful word.
There my footsteps lead me on
Through bright emerald fields and bowers,
Where the acorn and the sheaves
Lie embedded in sweet flowers.
Princely wisdom in that land
Hath left many a noble trace—
Deeds of goodness—deeds of love—
Ages never can efface.

THE ANGEL OF PLENTY.

I follow in the ways of peace,
When among nations discords cease;
My heralds are the sons of earth,
Who live their life to give it worth.
Most surely can they prophesy
My coming by their industry.
On prince and peasant I attend,
The honest work of each befriending;
Ne'er failing one true heart or hand
That does its duty in the land.

TWO ANGELS.

We are present in prosperity.
We are faithful in adversity.
O'er the dwellings upon earth
Where good-will and love abound,
Constant watch and ward we keep,
In the tranquil air around.

Ever silent and unseen,
We our Master's will obey,
And protect the true and just
In their dwellings night and day.

All the melodies and thoughts,
Grown familiar in a home,
Are confided to our care,
To restore in time to come.

They can soothe the widow'd heart
When the first sad days go by,
Calming sorrow's bitter pang
By the spell of memory.

CHORUS OF MORTALS.

Here where the Arts have made a home,
In humble gratitude we come,
To do all honour to a name
Undying as our country's fame;
A name not made by battles won,
By reckless deeds of daring done,
But by a guiding power of mind
Bent to the service of mankind.
Ere life had fall'n into decay
The benefactor passed away:
Passing away, through gloom and tears,
Into the everlasting spheres,
Where all the steps in life he trod
Lead through their purity to God.

PRAYER OF MORTALS.

Let us Kneel Down and Pray.

God of might, majesty, and power,
Who in affliction's darkest hour
Didst give us grace to trust in Thee,
And Thy great mercy steadfastly;
Vouchsafe now, through Thy only Son,
To sanctify our thoughts of one
Whose mem'ry haunts this earthly Fane,
Even as some ethereal strain.

We know Thy Word gives to the bless'd
True promise of eternal rest,
And we believe He lives again,

(THE ANGELS.

He lives again.)

Free from all mortal care and pain,
In Heaven!
With Thee, O God, to whom we pray
For strength of heart to keep Thy way:
Guide us, O Lord, that we may be,
In all eternity, with Thee.

Arise! Arise!

And let thanksgivings echo through the skies.
Praise ye the Lord! all nations here below;
Praise ye the Lord! from whom all blessings flow.

Protect, O God, all those who worship Thee;
Guard those who have Thy faithful servants been;
Guard and bless her, whom Thou hast called to be
Thy chosen minister on earth—our Queen.

ALLELUIA.

Laudate Dominum de cœlis

Laudate eum in excelsis.

WILLERT BEALE (WALTER MAYNARD).

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AN event peculiarly interesting to the musical public during the present month will be the revival of Handel's Oratorio *Theodora*, on Tuesday next, the 10th inst., at the Hanover Square Rooms. Thanks are already due to Mr. Barnby for reviving *Jephtha* and *Belshazzar*, and it is to be under his direction that *Theodora* will be heard for the first time in England since its composer's death. The work will be performed with complete orchestra and a chorus composed of the voluntary choir of St. Anne's Church, Soho, augmented to about 100 voices; and the solo parts will be intrusted to ladies and gentlemen amateurs. The proceeds of the concert are to be devoted to the restoration of St. Anne's Church.—*Musical Times*.

WAGNER AND THE HOTTENTOTS.*

A deputation of but slightly civilised savages, who have arrived in Vienna from the depths of Hottentotia, trembled with joy on hearing the sounds of an overture, composed expressly for the Exhibition by Herr R. Wagner, and comprising in itself everything that musical tinkering has ever produced up to the present time. Magnificent testimony of a barbaric nation! Ah! thou absolute master of tunes to come, Prophet of the long-tailed notes of the Future, behold a people which stretches out its arms to thee! which opens to thee its heart! Lose not a minute; establish among these Blacks an institution in which thy music alone shall be played! The wild men are strong, and their lungs lasting! They will perform upon saxhorns and trombones with a degree of energy of which we civilised people are incapable! Hold regal sway among their wild hordes! The ramparts of Jericho fell down when Gideon executed an air and variations upon his cornet-a-piston. Orpheus needed merely to play a fantasia upon the violin for lions and elephants to lick his hands. Why should'st not thou, great prophet, succeed in civilising these tribes? What a leaf would there not grow for thee in history, if thou did'st so! Music softens our manners and tames our passions, as thou knowest, for thou thyself causest us to feel this very unmistakably.

These Hottentots were deeply moved; they understood thy genius. Hie thee, then, to them in their own country, in the dark regions of their deserts! Do not deny them this boon! Thou wilt be for them as the sun, as the light; they will bless thee! The name of Wagner, the immortal Wagner, will still echo on their lips when thousands of years have rolled past since thy heavenly soul left its earthly case.

Besides, these wild creatures will always cherish you as superior to everyone else, as the god of music; for, out among themselves, they will not have to institute comparisons. Since they will be acquainted with nothing more than thy artillery, they will not be in a condition to say that somewhere or other there lives a queen called Melody. Haste thee, Wagner, and at the next Exhibition thou wilt return as chief of a black host, in the costume of a wild man, with feathers on thy head, rings in thy ears, and a bamboo of honour in thy hand. Thus wilt thou lead on thy artist-apes, and prove to astonished Europe that nothing can resist the accents of thy sweet chords!

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ORGAN.

(To the Editor of "The Times.")

SIR,—Will you allow me, one of the oldest members of St. Paul's Cathedral, to make an observation or two on the letter which appears in your columns this morning headed "Completion of St. Paul's," and signed as containing the sentiments of five very important members of the committee under whose auspices the completion is to be carried out?

They complain of an additional architect being appointed who has already declared Sir Christopher Wren's works "abominations." I regret to think and to say that, as far as the works at St. Paul's have been hitherto carried on by the committee at large, the features of the church, as Sir Christopher left them, have been considered and treated as "abominations."

Sir Christopher Wren left the floor of the church on one dead level, and the organ parting the choir from the nave. The committee, after trying their hand at putting the organ into one of the ladies' closets, so called, and buying and setting up at enormous cost another great organ in the south transept, have now come to the conclusion that both are mistakes, and they have determined that the great organ shall be taken down and sold, if they can get a purchaser, and that the old organ—the Father Smith—shall be brought again from the ladies' closet, parted into two, and put up on each side of the entrance into the choir. This is being done; but in so doing they have destroyed the vista. The projecting organ on each side cuts off the view of the receding arches, which, as Sir Christopher left the church, might be seen from the west door, and thus one feature of exquisite beauty is destroyed; and, further, the building is made to appear shorter than it really is.

But then, further, I have already said that, as Sir Christopher left the church, the floor was on one level.

When the committee sank the old organ in the ladies' closet, they also at considerable expense lowered the stall-work of the

choir eighteen inches; but when they discovered that the organ as so placed was really an "abomination" they determined to move it back again, if not exactly, as near as possible, to its old place. They discovered also that they had made a mistake by lowering the stall-work, inasmuch as it altered its properly adjusted height from the floor, as Sir Christopher left it. They determined, therefore, to raise it again to the height it was before. I rejoiced at this restoration.

But another unforeseen difficulty arose. The organ was to be blown by hydraulic apparatus from the crypt. The organ parted in two, as I have represented, the organist could only sit on one side, and that part of the organ on the side opposite to him was to be played by what are called trackers. It was presumed at first that these trackers would be placed under the floor in the crypt, where the hydraulic apparatus is; but this was found to be impossible on account of the Duke of Wellington's tomb being just at that spot. So that the floor of the choir was to be raised eighteen inches so as to admit of the trackers being placed beneath, and thus the one continuous level of the floor of the church is broken, and the just elevation of the stalls from the floor of the choir destroyed, and both altered from what Sir Christopher left them.

I could mention other features of the church which the committee have treated as "abominations," but I have said enough. The committee ought to have begun where Sir Christopher Wren left off. Before they can do so they must restore the floor of the choir to its original level, bring back the organ to its old place, and screen off the choir from the nave. In short, they must take the church as Sir Christopher left it. Their business is not to undo what he has done, but to carry out his plans. In other words, their business is to complete, not to destroy.

JAMES LUPTON.

May 13.

LUCCA IN CHICAGO.

The *Inter-Ocean*, an influential journal of Chicago, thus noticed Madame Lucca's performance as Marguerite during her second visit to that resurrectionised city:—

"The brilliant week of Italian opera, which was closed yesterday afternoon with a second superb rendition of *Faust* to a house as large even as that of Wednesday night, will long be remembered by the thousands who have inspired the distinguished German cantatrice to renewed exhibitions of her genius, marking the most important epoch of operatic music in Chicago, as well as the most successful, financially. The audiences have been cosmopolitan and democratic, the apparently extravagant price not producing a *caste* in the patronage. The Lucca nights have drawn out the wealth and musical culture, the brains and the taste of our people more universally than any form of entertainment ever given before in the city. Those who remember Nilsson's electric tone foolishly offend themselves by comparing Lucca's therewith, forgetting that the voices are not to be compared; trying, in fact, to make themselves believe that the *staccato* of a delightful violin, which is Nilsson's voice, is better than the superb *legato* organ tone, which is Lucca's. Nilsson carried the listener away à l'outrance, and, perhaps, diminished a little in radiance before an evening was over. It is Lucca's advantage constantly to grow upon the senses, the imagination, and the mind of an audience, and to have reached the climax of a *crescendo* just as the curtain finally falls. Her voice is singularly devotional. Her vocal prayers have a pure majesty about them which one finds it difficult to define. Her versatility, already amply shown as Leonora, Marguerite, and Zerlina, will be further illustrated by the enactment of *Mignon* to-morrow evening. Goethe has defined genius to be but 'another name for industry,' and if Lucca makes as fine a Mignon as her Marguerite and Leonora, it may be as well admitted that industry is something infinitely better than inspiration."

WAIFS.

Miss Enriquez, the contralto, is engaged for the forthcoming Hereford and Bristol Festivals.

M. Vivier, the celebrated cornist, and still more celebrated humourist, has arrived in London.

Mr. Edward Murray has undertaken the management of "The Hall-by-the-Sea," Margate, which will be opened next month.

Miss Enriquez, whose singing was praised by our Birmingham correspondent in our impression of May 24th, should have been named as a pupil of Mr. Deacon, with whom she has been studying the last four years.

A ballad concert was given at St. James's Hall on Whit-Monday, under the auspices of Mr. John Boosey, with the aid of Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, &c., &c.

A young couple in Ohio, being serenaded, felt that they did not wish to be thus honoured, whereupon the bride poured sulphuric acid upon the party, blinding one totally, destroying the eye of another, while she burned the faces of many others. The case is in court.

* From *L'Art Musical*

Mark Twain, in a letter to the (American) *Graphic*, thus announces the coming of a new literary sensation: "During the last two months my next-door neighbour, Charles Dudley Warner, has dropped his 'Back-Log Studies,' and he and I have written a bulky novel in partnership. He has worked up the fiction, and I have hurled in the facts. I consider it one of the most astonishing novels that ever was written. Night after night I sit up reading it over and over again and crying. It will be published early in the fall, with plenty of pictures."

"Signor Tamberlik," says *Watson*, "arrived in this city two or three days ago, from Havana, where his opera season did not prove a great success. The company was very large, the idea being that quantity would make up for quality; but it did not. Quantity in this case signally failed, for although there were five tenors in the company, an opera, announced for one night, could not be given, because those tenors who were up in it were indisposed, and those who were well did not know it. Tamberlik does not propose to sing here, but will 'do' the American Metropolis before he leaves for Europe."

La Fille de Madame Angot is still "running" at the St. James's Theatre. An alteration in the "cast" took place on Wednesday evening, when Mlle. Desclauzas, the "creator" of the part of Mlle. Lange, and who has played it 100 nights in Brussels, and 100 nights in Paris, made her debut in London. Mlle. Desclauzas made quite a *furor*. She is an inimitable comedienne, possesses an excellent voice, and knows how to use it to advantage. She was rewarded with immense applause, and had to repeat the famous duet with Mlle. Pauline Luigini, "Ah! c'est donc toi Madame Barras ('Mais voyez donc c'est ingénuité') no less than three times.

A small actor in a Parisian Theatre lately achieved success by very simple means. In a piece entitled *Aristophanes*, now playing at the Chateau d'Eau, a little boy, almost a baby, appears on the stage. This performer has his admirers, one of whom expressed approval by throwing not a bouquet, but a packet of *bonbons*, at his feet. Oblivious of responsive bows or stage directions, the child sat down by the footlights and began to devour these delicacies, while the curtain falling left him alone with the audience, who appreciated the incident. He was called into a box, and passed all round the house, receiving compliments and caresses; and more sugar-plums than were good for him.

An American poet suggests the following as a good beginning for a modern sentimental ballad, in the school of "Kiss him for his mother":—

"Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick,
And when he sucked the paint all off, it made him deadly sick,
And in his last hour he clasped that monkey in his hand,
And bade good-bye to earth and went into a better land.
Oh, no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun,
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail and make her yowl for fun,
The pussy's tail now stands out straight, the gun is laid aside,
The monkey doesn't jump around, since little Willie died."

An American critic says, no doubt honestly, about the choral portion of Beethoven's ninth symphony:—

"The choral movement is a fearful thing—fearful to execute, and still more fearful to listen to. Although it was executed with extraordinary precision and with enthusiastic *vim*, it proved but a chaos of sound, which might be denominated discordant noise, which excited a shuddering wonder, compounded more of disgust than pleasure. As an expression of joy, it is as appropriate as it would be to scream like a tiger-cat, when making a tender avowal to a gentle maiden. Our very bowels yearned with compassion, as the quartet screamed and the chorus screamed, and screamed still louder, until it became a yell, when fortunately it came to an end, and a momentary blessed silence ensued."

Moore apologised in a note for writing a song to the air of *Savoureen Dheesh*, as Campbell had previously adapted, or was supposed to have written, a beautiful ballad to the same exquisite melody. Since Moore's day a controversy has arisen whether the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" really wrote the patriotic song entitled "The Exile of Erin." In Ireland it has been established that George Nugent Reynolds, an Irish exile, who had to leave his country for political reasons, at the beginning of the present century, was the author. This opinion is strongly sustained by the fact that Mr. Reynolds composed a very pathetic ballad, entitled "Mary le More," with reference to the sufferings of a poor Irish girl during the troubles of the period. Reynolds, while sojourning at Altona, met and formed an acquaintance with the bard of "Hope," who at that time was under an engagement with the late Mr. Perry, the well-known proprietor of a London paper, to write an occasional piece of poetry for his journal. Reynolds, who was depressed in spirit, and cared not for fame, but only felt anxious to have his grievances made known, it is said, wrote the song entitled "The Exile of Erin," and presented it to Mr. Campbell for publication.—*White's Echoes of Many Lands*.

A portrait of Mozart is now on view at Messrs. Schott & Co.'s, 139, Regent Street, by an artist of the name of Goetz. It is said to be taken from life. Mozart is sitting with his fingers on the keys of a harpsichord. The likeness and expression are wonderful. Mr. Wolff (Schott & Co.) gave 200 guineas for the picture.

There are conjurors and conjurors. Some who bear the name possess themselves of an extensive apparatus, which requires a considerable outlay of money, but the possession of which enables its owner to perform seeming miracles, with little or no proficiency in the art which goes by the name of "legerdemain" or "sleight of hand." Some have scarcely any apparatus at all, but delude the eyes of their patrons by a rapid movement of the fingers, the result of a practice as arduous as that which is required for the attainment of brilliant execution on a musical instrument. To the latter and better class belongs Dr. Lynn, who comes hither armed with a recommendatory letter from M. Victor Hugo, and who is now performing at the Egyptian Hall. To suit the taste of the age, he affects now and then to hold a communication with spirits, but it is easy to perceive that here he is not in earnest, and that his grand ambition is to shine forth as a master of legerdemain. With him there is no dropping of half-crowns, &c., into sumptuous cases which, for all we know to the contrary, may contain a dozen false bottoms, but unmistakable glass tumblers, large boxes that anybody may search, flowerpots filled with earth, that anybody may gauge with a knife, borrowed hats and handkerchiefs, suffice for the performance of his singular experiments. With the aid of these, anything may be found anywhere but in the place where it was last deposited, some things make their unexpected appearance that have not been deposited in any place whatever, and words written on small pieces of paper by the spectators are not only deciphered without being seen, but the peculiarities of the handwriting are criticised. No one can say, of course, that Dr. Lynn scorns the use of confederates, but it is certain that he cheerfully accepts as an "assistant" any one who will step forward from the arena before him, and that persons whom he has never seen before are the particular subjects of his delusions. In the sham "black art" there have been few professors who can equal Dr. Lynn.

Mozart's last, and in some respects greatest, Symphony—the one in C, with the fugal last movement—was completed on the 10th August, 1788, the two preceding ones—the G minor and the E flat—being dated respectively July 25th and July 26th of the same year. Thus these three colossal masterpieces, besides sonatas, marches, canzonets, and other trifles, were produced in something like seven weeks. It was indeed a volcanic eruption of genius and labour, and one quite without parallel. There is no other instance in the history of art or literature of an effort at once so sudden, so sustained, and so enduring; of a man having conceived, or—even if we suppose the leading ideas to have been conceived before—having planned in perfect form and proportion, and elaborated to the minutest detail, the three greatest works of his life in a space of time barely sufficient for the manual labour of putting them into their permanent outward shape. It is not difficult to imagine the stress on that fertile brain and those nimble fingers, during the eight weeks of that Vienna summer in 1788—at a time, too, when Mozart was at the height of his social popularity, and when a quiet hour must have been a rare event. With these three noble works Mozart fitly closed his labours in the highest department of orchestral music, for there is no trace of his having designed or attempted another Symphony during the four years that elapsed before his death in 1791. The name *Jupiter*, though probably originating in mere caprice, like the soubriquets attached to some of Beethoven's compositions—"Moonlight Sonata," "Sonata Pastorale," "Sonata Appassionata," and the rest, nay, perhaps, the "Eroica" Symphony itself—has nevertheless a certain propriety, and expresses well enough the sustained grandeur and majesty which pervades the whole work, and which placed it at the head of the world of orchestral music, till it was dethroned 17 years later, in 1805, by the prodigious "Eroica" of Beethoven, a giant which seemed destined to tower over everything else for many a year to come. The distinguishing feature of the "Jupiter" Symphony is the concluding movement, a fugue on four subjects, written throughout in the strictest fetters of counterpoint, but with all the air and freedom of absolute license. "G."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

A. HAMMOND & Co.—"Serenade Tyrolienne," by Francois Bendel; "Liederreigen," "Fleurs fanées," "Blumenlied," and "Au Bivouac," pieces for the pianoforte, by Gustave Lange, of Berlin; "Be quiet, do, I'll call my mother," and "My treasure is in thee," songs, by J. Schmuck; "The young ladies' party," quadrille, by J. Schmuck.

METHVEN, SIMPSON & Co. (Dundee).—"Fair fa' the gloamin'," song, melody and words by I. B., arranged by W. N. Watson.

J. M'DOWELL & Co.—"The Champagne Lancers," by H. S. Roberts.
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